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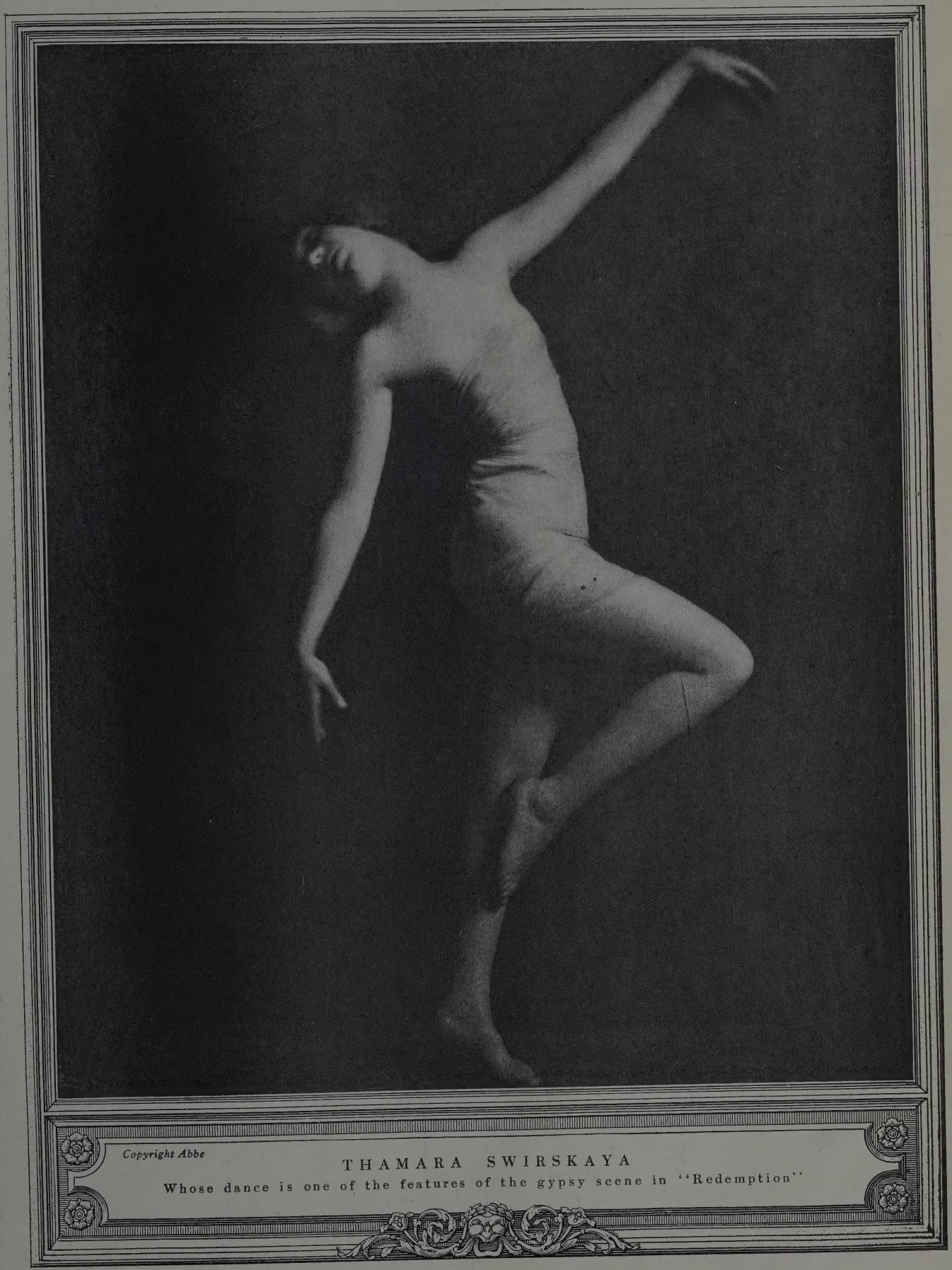

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THAMARA SWIRSKAYA

Whose dance is one of the features of the gypsy scene in "Redemption"

Theatre Magazine, April, 1919

ALL LIFE IS MELODRAMA

Playwright's skill not subtlety of writing but choice of a theme that belongs to adventure of living

By SAMUEL SHIPMAN
CO-AUTHOR OF "FRIENDLY ENEMIES," "EAST IS WEST," ETC.

EVERY moment of human life is drama. Perhaps moments accumulate into three or four important events in a lifetime. The intermissions we call years, the events may be the four acts of a play. The curtain is not always anticipated, as in the theatre, but it concludes a drama. Some human lives are in three acts, some in one act, but they are all moving, gripping, stirring dramas, of one kind or another.

No scarcity of dramatic material for the theatre, but, some misunderstanding as to how it should be used, some difference of opinion as to its distinctive value and its deception. Discussion of what is right and wrong in plays only dissipates the work, a work which is merely a careful contemplation of people and their entanglements. It is in the contemplative mood that everything here will be said.

The action of our lives makes material for drama, the thoughts of our lives make material for literature. A play is a vehicle in which the consequences of our acts are revealed. A story or a novel is an appeal to the imagination of the motives in life. The novelist can lead the reader with literary leisure along many fascinating by-ways of sociology, and so intrigue them into a deeper culture of universal problems. The novel can be adorned with compelling literature, and if the reader fails to see the full meaning of it, he turns back the pages till he gets it. The playwright has no such privilege.

THE play is read to the audience by actors, and if there is literature in it, much of it is lost in the reading; not through any fault of the actor, but because literature is for the reading-lamp, not for the footlights or the calcium.

And yet, the play requires as much intellectuality as literature, but it is hidden in the unwritten reserve of the playwright, though it makes the play. There are critics of the theatre who will disagree in this. They will urge that the play of action is melodrama, as an evidence that the theatre is a bag of tricks. It will be interesting to know where the conflicting emotions that perplex our lives become melodrama, if they ever do. Surely nothing that happens in emotional life, is unimportant to literature, to poetry, and yet how often one finds the critic dismissing an emotional theme in the theatre with that accusing word—melodrama. If they said that there was a difference in the quality of plays, that would be true; for it is not the melodrama in a play that distorts it, it is the quality of the melodrama, isn't it? There are dime novels and there are melodramas worth little more, but there is also Thomas Hardy's literature and Gus Thomas's plays that have in them the essence of melodrama, which is emotional conflict.

We may start with the assurance that the theatre is as inscrutable as the Sphinx, as sensitive to false influences as innocence, as grateful for an opportunity to tell the story of humanity to human beings as the prophets. But it is as silent as the Sphinx to the artist who tries to solve its mystery. Approach it with fine frenzy of oratory, and it remains empty, attempt to do what the artist insists is the big thing in a literary way, and it betrays a limited enthusiasm, but drive the motley procession of humanity across the stage in all its crudity of dress, character and words, and the theatre cannot hold the crowd. You must understand the character of the theatre.

THE critics tell us that it is melodramatic in the main, and they object to what they call its theatricalism. They object to the crowds that jostle them, to the superficial tears, the obvious laughs, the mediocre sentiment. With inate preferences for the crystal forms of art, for the graceful turns of culture, for the development of character that has literary distinction, they have an air of patronizing for the playwright who is writing for the theatre under the strict discipline of the theatre. Realizing perhaps that the playwright can usually improve the intellectual quality of his play, they resent the fact that he doesn't, by accusing him of writing for the box-office.

If it is true that I am writing melodrama, as the critics tell me, it will be interesting to have them tell me also, what melodrama is. When I write a play, I am confronted with the problem as to whether I have caught an evasive answer to some universal question of human interest, or whether I have found a convincing answer. It is not a question in my mind of writing a melodrama. Nor is it a question of writing an intellectual dramatic treatise, of spreading the story of the play as if it were to be a feast for the elect, a brilliant event in the theatre for the intellectual few, and yet, it is with the utmost strength of intellectuality in me that I set to work on the play.

There would be a suggestion of egotism in this self-revelation of the work a playwright has to do, if it were not done with the intention to show that the successful playwrights of the American stage, are equal to any intellectual form of drama.

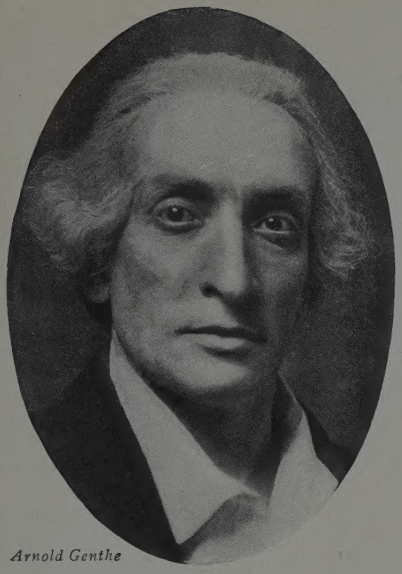
WE could turn out right here in this commercial land of ours, plays that would tax the most intellectual audiences. We could do what George Bernard Shaw has done, draw equally large audiences, and mystify them as industriously. Men like Augustus Thomas, George Broadhurst, Eugene Walter and many others are men who could easily turn their writing moods into the most fascinating and brilliant characters of intellectuality for the theatre. They have presented intellectual themes in the language and eventualities of life as it is, not of life as it is presented under stress of intellectual purpose. For that matter, all forms of art are conceived by the artist in their æsthetic elements. He finds them with the divining rod of his soul, and he fastens them to his mind with the delicate strands of his spirit. The theme of the playwright or the theme of the poet, the painter, the novelist, the musician, is the same voice of intellectual industry. We Americans are not denied this æstheticism of feeling because we have not been born in the atmosphere of a more permanent culture, such as Europe's. Having pledged their intellectual faculties to the theatre, the American playwrights have accepted the conditions, the forms, that will have the widest appeal. Those of them who have made the great successes, have done so by the most severe intellectual restraint. They have subordinated the literary temptation. They have effaced their own inclinations to adorn the play with the immortal literature, to clothe it in the classic robe of stalking tragedy. And this, in spite of the fact that the playwright has only the hope that he will hold the respect of the critics. If he cannot do so, he struggles on in spite of them, but it is not true to say that the playwright works only for the box-office. So, in this preliminary text of my own creed as a playwright, I mention the critic to establish my obligations to him, my need of him.

WE need him and he needs us, but it will be a great step towards our mutual appreciation if the critics would look at the crowds in a theatre with more tolerance. He might then arrive at the conclusion that he is talking to all sorts and conditions of men. He is not exhibiting his own preferences, or luxuriating in his instincts of good faith or literary qualities. He is talking loudly, using the language and the humor of the great majority, and above all, he is not writing for literary fame.

Ibsen had to be explained by academic critics before people cared to see the play, and then they went with obvious airs of intellectual superiority. And yet, Ibsen wrote melodrama of a real kind. So did Shakespeare, so did Tolstoy, Dumas, Sardou, so does Galsworthy, and Pinero, and Bernstein, and so did Theodore Kramer. Shakespeare was perhaps the most conspicuous of playwrights in melodrama, and yet he wrote plays for royalty and a few courtiers. He was always sure of intellectual audiences, but it is the melodrama in his plays that drew the attention of the world to their sublime poetry. Melodrama has three degrees of interest.

1. The melodrama of "Soul Conflict," such as Tolstoy wrote, for example.
2. The melodrama built around one great acting part, such as Sardou created.
3. The melodrama of spectacle written to introduce scenery.

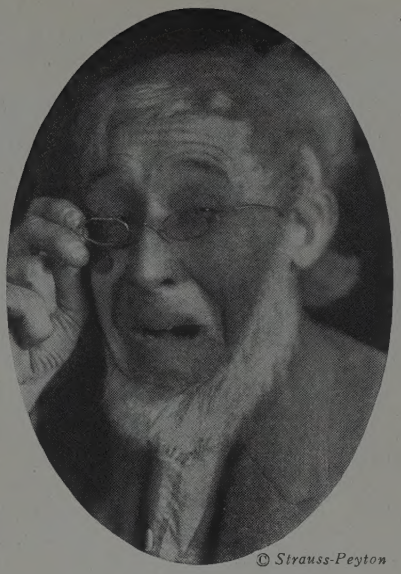
Aside from these definite forms, modern plays, that is, plays of our time, are usually written to expose human danger in a theme that is the play-



Arnold Genthe

JACQUES COPEAU

in "Washington, the Man Who Made Us," Percy MacKaye's ballad-drama, which was presented at the French Théâtre du Vieux Colombier during the week of Washington's Birthday



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CHARLES (Chic) SALE

Whose old Rube characterization is always a source of delight to vaudeville patrons. Now he is entertaining Winter Garden audiences by his appearance in "Monte Cristo, Jr."

Abbe

MARGARET MOWER,

Who plays the nerve-disturbed queen in Stuart Walker's production of Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods" with fine feeling

Mary Dale Clarke

GEORGE GAUL

As Agmar, the beggar, whose wit and ingenuity make people think him a god, and who consequently becomes the object of the gods' revenge in Dunsany's "The Gods of the Mountain" recently presented at the Punch and Judy Theatre

AN APRIL SHOWER OF STAGE FAVORITES

wright's impulse for writing it at all. In a general way, these facts are sufficient to bring us to the critical point of this discussion, the proof that melodrama is not written because it pays, but because the events that accumulate the big moments of our lives, make playwrights thoughtful enough for any intellectual expert. Unfortunately, to be at all impressive today, one must be personal, therefore I take my own experiences to deny the fallacy that melodrama is an inferior art. Briefly, we can trace the birth of the three plays I have signed this season, "Friendly Enemies," "East is West," "The Woman in Room 13." They are typical of what the public wants, it seems, since they are playing to capacity.

As to theme, they are modern.

"Friendly Enemies" is the outcome in authorship of the alien enemy problem, which is its enduring purpose, its writing impulse.

"East is West" is an effort to portray the supreme forces of race instinct and influence inspired by the President's suggestion of self-determination, that will evolve into the League of Nations.

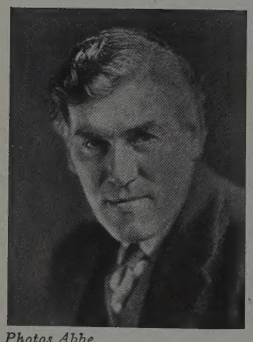
"The Woman in Room 13" is an argument in favor of mating. It is a play to prove that Nature corrects the errors of improper marriages with desperate eventuality, but with an ultimate purpose that prevails.

The latter is a play that began its fulminations seven years ago. It is essentially a problem susceptible of intellectual form, of literary mood. It was written at first with much devotion to its literary opportunity. The first manuscript of "The Woman in Room 13" is intact, and I shall publish it for those who care to read it. It is different from the play now presented, but it may please those few who have intellectual habits of thought, but it is not a play that the great mass of humanity would enjoy in the theatre. The play, as it is read on the stage, is addressed to the crowd. The play that I am going to publish is for the few, for those of us who prefer the aristocratic literary flavor to the great democratic strength of revealing action, in a few words. There was no thought of commercialism in its character, as it reached the manager. It was submitted to him with intolerant demands that it be produced as written. The manager, A. H. Woods, happened to be among those men in the theatre who are the unknown dramatists. They never write plays, but they have an instinct for the true elements of drama, which means that they have a breadth of human sympathy and understanding for life that the professional dramatist should have, but often has not. They have the shrewdness of an expert detective who eliminates all elaborate testimony so as to simplify the motives in action. His sympathies are with all degrees of human frailty and folly, but his judgment of human beings themselves, is reduced to what they do with their lives, and how they do it. He is impatient with literature in a play, because he knows that life is a whirl of unutterable passions and surprises that are beyond the literary focus. So, he asked me to eliminate literature, to crystalize action, to reduce the indefinite form of intellectuality for the definite common-place life lines.

I declined, I resented the proposal to strip my theme of its artistic meaning, simply to make, what seemed to me, an ordinary drama. I was told that in its literary form, it would be a sensation for the few, whereas it was a theme that should appeal to everyone if it were reduced to simpler terms and fused into action without fine phrases. Woods had his way, the play was given the violet-ray treatment of melodrama, and the theme emerged, strengthened by the requirements of the theatre. As I have said, critics must understand the character of the theatre, whether they find it sympathetic or not, to do it justice. My experience with (*Concluded on page* 242)

MAETERLINCK'S NEW WAR PLAY

"A Burgomaster of Belgium," the latest example of the Belgian Shakespeare to reach America



Photos Abbe
E. LYALL SWETE

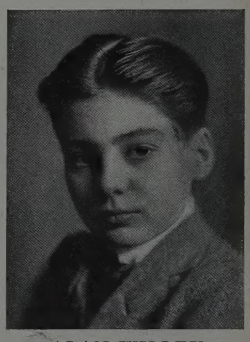
"A BURGOMASTER OF BELGIUM" is the latest example of Maeterlinck to reach America. The play is presented in this country by W. R. Macdonald, staged by Captain Max Montesole, and acted an an English company that includes Lyall Swete, Eda Farmer, Henry Herbert, Leonard Willey, Alan Willey, Charles Cheltenham, Frank Royde, and Claude Cooper. It opened in Springfield, March 3 at the Court Square Theatre, played in Parson's Theatre, Hartford, for three days, in the Belasco, Washington, the week of March 10, after which it came to New York too late for critical review in this issue.

The play shows Maeterlinck in a new guise, that of a realist. No longer content to draw characters that in the words of William Butler Yeats are "naked and pathetic shadows already half vapor, and sighing to one another upon the last abyss," no longer the poet of mysticism, the step-son of the shadowy William Blake, no longer the dreamer and philosopher who would portray a reality that lies too deep for mortal eyes and mortal ears Maeterlinck has in this new work become the painter of reality. The three acts of "A Burgomaster of Belgium" unfold with the realism of slices of human life. The place is Belgium, August, 1914; the characters a Burgomaster and his household on the one hand and the representatives of German militarism on the other.

By the poet's own confession he was driven to write the play by the reading of an incident contained in the many pages of the Belgian White Book, one of those many tales of cruelty and oppression with which teems that amazing indictment of the German machine. So deeply and with such driving power did the incident affect him that he wrote the entire play within a week's time. And then, Maeterlinck-like, he laid it aside. Could anything of such rapid creation be of merit? Did it not require the searching analysis into the deeper truths that came to light in other and earlier dramas for the stage?

Eventually, however, he was persuaded to give the play to the world in the original form. As such it was translated into English by Alexander Texeira de Mattos and produced in England under its first title "The Burgomaster in Stilemonde," but when negotiations were begun between the author and Mr. Macdonald, at that time in France on government business, it was agreed to change the name to the more general title of "A Burgomaster of Belgium."

EDA FARMER



ALAN WILLEY

Undoubtedly the war and its untold sufferings are responsible for Maeterlinck's remarkable metamorphosis from a mystic to a realist. Indeed it is the first concrete example we have had of that effect which self-styled prophets have indicated must come as a result of the war upon all branches of art.

Of the company E. Lyall Swete is known in America primarily as the director of "Chu Chin Chow," although he appeared here as an actor first with Ethel Barrymore in "The Off-Chance," and later as the Father in Barrie's "The New Word," with Estelle Winwood in "Helen With the High Hand"—the Arnold Bennett play that ran for a short time on the road this past autumn —and in the spectacle "Freedom."

Eda Farmer is a young English actress chosen by Captain Montesole to create the American version of the Burgomaster's Daughter primarily because of the excellent work she did as a member of Miss Horniman's repertory theatre in Manchester. This is her début in America.

Frederick Santley, Frances Demarest and Robinson Newbold in the Cohanized opera comique "The Royal Vagabond" at the Cohan and Harris Theatre. The piece tells the story of the love of a Prince for a peasant maid, and incidentally gives opportunity for much funmaking, clever dancing and catchy songs

(Below)

"Monte Cristo, Jr." has the usual amount of pretty girls, fantastic costumes, and elaborate scenery that we have come to expect in Winter Garden shows. Here are four of the "beauties" in the Empire Days scene

Photos White

NEW GIRL AND MUSIC OFFERINGS

NOVELTIES AT BOTH OPERA HOUSES

New works heard at the Metropolitan and Lexington. Interesting recitals in the concert field

By PIERRE V. R. KEY

FEBRUARY was a short month, but . . . la! la! not in the least tortoise-like in the matter of music. We were about to say "opera and music," which would not alone be inconsiderate of Messrs. Gatti-Casazza and Campanini, but also a plagiarism of the phrase used for so many years by a distinguished music critic, when he wanted a unique caption for his Sunday-page photographic layout. So music it is . . . including opera under that cloak.

During those twenty-eight days Mr. Campanini had no mercy; he would wait until he perceived the press chroniclers gasping for a brief respite, then from his reserve stock produce another unfamiliar opera. Whether or not he had a working agreement with Mr. Gatti we do not know; we can only surmise. But, the facts are not to be evaded—every time Mr. Campanini took a rest Mr. Gatti rushed into the breach . . . with another novelty. Almost, one might say, an operatic brother-act by the Metropolitan and Chicago company *generalissimi.*

During the latest weeks of the New York engagement the western organization, which Mr. Campanini is guiding with such placid mien, there were these novelties: "Cléopatre," "Loreley," "Fédora" and "Le Vieil Aigle." Meanwhile, at the Metropolitan, one heard "Mireille" and the ballet-pantomime "Petruschka" and had reintroduced the more than welcome "Le Coq d'Or," which we hope some day to have in its original operatic form.

AS if peeved at the public attention given the two opera companies, the concert musicians accelerated their efforts. So there was little loitering along the musical wayside. We shall look back upon the twenty-eight days thus passed as flitting twenty-four hour periods, surcharged with singers and instrumentalists of every sort.

Let us not consider too seriously Massenet's "Cléopatre." The French composer must have been in a hurry; either that or his creative mind was occupied, also, in yet another way. It is an insipid score. Not one theme of distinction, and no treatment that put color into the instrumentation or lifted the measures of that four-act work above a sophomeric level.

The libretto wandered off, too, from the Shakespearean trend. Those who attended the *première,* and the subsequent repetition, will recall chiefly the dancing in the Alexandrian tavern of Ahmnes the distasteful bodily manœuvres of Alexander Pavley—and Mary Garden's Cléopatre. Her admirers acclaimed her, in another triumph; but her sincere well-wishers . . . well, they wished she hadn't, that's all. Alfred Maguenat was an impressive Marc Antoine who made us wish he exerted a finer command of his voice. And Anna Fitziu made an innocuous Octavie, singing a pretty tone or two.

We were not at all lured by Alfred Catalani's "Loreley." Giorgio Polacco's vociferous conducting, and the inability of Miss Fitziu, Alessandro Dolci or Giacomo Rimini to make their voices satisfactorily heard over the mass of orchestral sound, were some of the causes. But chiefly it was Catalani's music, which is skilfully enough contrived . . . from Wagner and a few other distinguished composers. One must, however, congratulate Catalani upon his discrimination; he was never commonplace, and always facile in the wielding of his pen.

With "Fedora," which New York had not heard since the Metropolitan presented it twelve years ago, there came some pleasurable sensations, a surprise in the unexpected accomplishment of Dorothy Jardon, and some impressive singing by the tenor Dolci. It was a tumultuous evening: amongst the auditors as well as on the stage—for it seemed as though all of Miss Jardon's friends were there, loyally insistent that she be applauded for the things she was about to do, even before starting upon any particular task.

© *Mishkin*

SIGNOR CARUSO
Who has just celebrated his 25th anniversary as opera singer by a special performance at the Metropolitan

Miss Jardon was nervous; who wouldn't be, passing from the less tense atmosphere of the Winter Garden to the loftier artistic realm of the Chicago operaites in the Lexington. She sang as many nervous *débutantes* will—with a tremolo and altogether more force than was well. But hers is a splendid voice, and sympathetic, and when she has become accustomed to her new surroundings she may achieve a creditable mark. Dolci's singing, that evening, was exceptional. Caruso sat in a box, and was repaid for his pains by the sonorous and splendidly controlled voice of his compatriot . . . who learned his rôle in six days. If this artist were only consistent in the technical use of his tones, and if his tendency hovered more in distinction's way he might succeed to a great artist's mantle. Stracciari did some singing that night, in a fashion we shall not forget.

"Le Vieil Aigle," was an interesting operatic bit. Raoul Gunsbourg wrote the music for this brief tragic story, which is based upon the life of a famous Russian monarch. The single performance of this lyric drama enlisted a surprising unanimity of favorable opinion. Interesting, if not a great, score and scenes that gripped the spectator. The climax came when the Khan Asvez thrust his favorite slave into the sea in order to retain for himself his son's love. When that act failed of its purpose, the Khan followed his faithful slave. Baklanoff scored a triumph in the leading rôle, as he deserved, for his artistic stature has enhanced amazingly in the brief space of a year.

Gounod rewrote himself, any number of times, in his operetta, "Mireille." Tuneful, light, graceful; and produced, no doubt, to give Maria Barrientos another new rôle. But the reappearance of the Spanish coloratura soprano has provided no improvement in her previous seasons' singing. She has a few tricks that elicit applause, but no respect for the melodic line, and no seeming desire to sing an air in time. She holds notes far beyond their proper values, and drags, continually, the tempi. Carlo Hackett—now known as Charles, since he is back again in his native land—was Mireille's tenor suitor. A splendid looking young chap who may yet elect to sing with a less "white" tone. He has, however, the sense of discreet taste. Clarence Whitehill sang and acted with distinction and Léon Rothier also appealed to our appreciation of the fitness of things.

AFTER the Diaghileff Russian Ballet's "Petruschka" we did not take kindly to the Metropolitan's. For one thing this organization lacks the mimes to do justice to the leading rôles. Had Adolph Bolm retained the part of The Moor, which he did so admirably wth the Russians, matters would have gone better, for Bonfiglio missed completely the humor of that character. And to make matters worse Bolm was not the equal either of Massin or Nijinski, as Petruschka, Rosina Galli, alone, satisfied as the Ballerina. Still, there was Stravinsky's masterly music; it is superb.

Several interesting events have taken place, during February, at both the Metropolitan and amid the Chicago company's ranks, in the Lexington. Frieda Hempel and Frances Alda have sung their season farewells, successfully; Mabel Garrison has proved that she is a first-rate coloratura soprano; Reinald Werrenrath made a satisfactory, if not impressive operatic début as Silvio in "Pagliacci"; Florence Easton several times demonstrated that she is the Metropolitan's foremost lyric soprano—and Caruso, Muzio, Farrar, Martinelli, Ponselle, De Luca, Chalmers, Mardones and other of Mr. Gatti's principals have enlisted our admiration. Also, Margarete Matzenauer, that splendid mezzo-soprano, is back again in the casts.

At the Lexington Galli-Curci sang two supreme performances—"Traviata" and "Lucia"—thereby reestablishing herself as a singing artist of the first rank. And Mary Garden fascinated us with her incomparable (*Concluded on page* 242)

Sh! The Royal Vagabond is giving away a throne. But, if you go to see him, beware lest you lose your heart to an engaging young person whose dancing combines the grace of swaying flowers with the lightness of thistledown. Of course you do not have to look at your programme. You just know it is Dorothy Dickson

BROADWAY'S LATEST QUEEN OF THE DANCE

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

EXCELLENTLY schooled is McKay Morris, of the Stuart Walker players. David Belasco gave the twig a strong bend dramaticward in "The Governor's Lady." He continued his footlight education in the rôle of Blueblood in "Experience." Broadway had a taste of his quality when he played "Under Fire." Mme. Yorska contributed to his stage training. He has played with Mr. Walker's Portmanteau Company the widely different rôles of the Gaki in "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree," Hodge in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the Dreadful Headsman in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" and the burglar in "Nevertheless." This season he has brought to New York audiences the orchid-loving king in Lord Dunsany's "The Daughter of the Gods," "Argimenes,"—the king who renounces his crown in "The Golden Doom," and the desert and desert maiden loving king in "The Tents of the Arabs." It is a royal season for McKay Morris

Mary Dale Clarke

McKAY MORRIS
in "The Golden Doom"

Campbell

ELISE BARTLETT
in "Please Get Married"

ELISE BARTLETT, who plays the inquisitive chatterbox in "Please Get Married," declared with a laugh that every manager in New York has "fired" her. Since Miss Bartlett is but twenty-one years old, it would seem that she has kept the managers busy. Compel the vivacious beauty to detail and you learn that her services were foregone by one company because she was unable to conquer her stage fright in the leading rôle of the farce produced by it. Born in a Tennessee village, she was educated in Paris. She has played with the Poli stock company of Bridgeport and with a stock company in Washington and elsewhere. She says she played a silent part in "The Silent Witness" in this city. She played the girl gossip in the honeymoon farce at the Fulton at two hours' notice

(Below)

GEORGES RENAVENT

THE author of "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," happening to see a young French actor deport himself creditably in the trying circumstances of having to read a part in a stage performance and before a crowded house, labeled that young actor "Extremely capable" and pigeon-holed him in one of his memory compartments. Two years later, while he was assisting in making up the cast of Mrs. Fiske's latest vehicle, Laurence Eyre again saw the young actor and strongly recommended him. This is the story of how Georges Renavent was engaged for the rôle of Felix Durand in the delicious comedy at Henry Miller's Theatre. Mr. Renavent is a Parisian. He was literally tossed out of a window upon the stage. It happened in Dumas's play "Le Bossu." Master Georges was passed to the leading man, instead of the "prop" doll previously used. A few years later he began to play children's parts. At sixteen he was an established juvenile on the Brussel's stage. Later he joined the Théâtre Vieux Colombier in New York, and learned the English language

White

GEORGE MARION
in "Toby's Bow"

PERIODICALLY the American stage demands George Marion as an actor instead of in his chosen branch of the art, stage direction. His rôle of the old negro servant, Uncle Toby, is an example of this demand. Mr. Marion is of the mind that to be a successful stage director you must be able to perform the parts you are aiding others to create. "You cannot get satisfactory results when directing a play if you are unable to act." Once Mr. Marion was a pantomimist of local note in San Francisco. He acquired dramatic training from actors stranded on the Pacific Coast. He became famous for Italian dialect monologues. For two years he was the stage director of the Boston Museum. He was with "A Brass Monkey" company

White

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

COMEDY. "TOBY'S BOW." Comedy in three acts by John Taintor Foote. Produced on February 10 with this cast:

James Bointon Blake,	Norman Trevor
Yama	T. Tamamoto
William Bainbridge	Eric Snowdon
Valerie Vincent	Christabel Hunter
Edward Dubois	Charles Esdale
Mona Tonella	Merle Maddern
John Paige	Charles A. Stevenson
Uncle Toby	George Marion
Eugenie Vardeman	Doris Rankin
Mrs. Vardeman,	Alice Augarde Butler
Thomas Bagby	Frederick Howard
Colonel Botts	Wright Kramer

UNCLE Toby has been with the Vardeman family at Fairlawn, Fairfax County, Virginia, since the days of slavery, and for members of the family, either born or acquired, he has a special five-star bow. There is a famous novelist whom association with Greenwich Village has naturally deadened and demoralized He goes to Fairlawn to recuperate and let the fumes of Webster Hall die out of his brain.

In the fine old Southern home the novelist, who is incognito, is much thrown with the daughter of the Vardeman's, a young woman who has renounced the world, the flesh, and all male admirers in the hope of herself becoming a writer of best sellers. But her MSS. are regularly rejected, and when the old home is about to be taken for debt, the boarder "collaborates" with the girl on a story which presently brings the great New York publisher himself to congratulate her and start writing checks.

The young lady is very angry when the identity of the stranger is revealed, but her irritation springs rather from the belief that he does not love her than from hurt pride because of the deception he has practiced. Of course, he does love her and tells her so, and then finally—he becomes the recipient of Toby's much-coveted bow.

As you can readily see, it is a sweetly sentimental little story. Yet it has been so deftly presented by the playwright and it is so skilfully acted throughout that it makes a true comedy of pleasing interest and charm. There is obvious artificiality, but somehow or other it is quite lost in the often episodic unfolding of the plot.

George Marion is Uncle Toby. He is the most convincing and amusing stage negro I have seen in many a moon. His antagonism for the novelist's Japanese valet, whom he insists is only a "yallah niggah," rises to the heights of character comedy; and his scenes with "Ole Mis'" over the disappearance of the wine he pretends to have consumed, whereas he has really sold it to keep the household going, are consummately mingled of humor and pathos.

Norman Trevor lends his ingratiating personality to the regenerated novelist. Doris Rankin makes the Southern girl a creature of loveliness despite the somewhat austere pride with which the playwright has endowed her. And the rest of the cast—particularly Alice Augarde Butler as the aristocratic grandmother—is quite satisfactory.

REPUBLIC. "THE FORTUNE TELLER." Play in three acts by Leighton Graves Osmun. Produced on February 27 with this cast:

Madame Renee	Marjorie Rambeau
Lottie	Grace Goodall
Jim Sorensen	Robert Vaughan
Tony	E. L. Fernandez
Sergius Brenner	Hugh Dillman
Eleanor Weeks,	Winifred Wellington
Mrs. Weeks	Edna Archer Crawford
Laura Vernon	Eleanor Montell
Mrs. Harris	Irene Shirley

THE repentent mother, who strives by inventive plot and physical disguise to once more be near her loved ones or who endeavors to regenerate herself and so win back her position in society is a stock figure that never entirely loses its hold. See the eternal "East Lynne" or its variant, "Miss Multon." A new fillip to this theme has been given by Leighton Graves Osmun in "The Fortune Teller," in the title rôle of which Marjorie Rambeau is figuring as a star at the Republic.

In the first act, she is seen as the teller of fortunes in a circus side show, mistress of a worthless *paramour*, a whiskey and dope fiend, a human derelict, inward and outward. To her comes her son. She has not seen him since her desertion twenty-one years ago, but the facts deduced identify him to her. She spurs up the drooping faith in the discouraged boy and resolves to quit the life of the sawdust tent and become worthy of him.

Two years later, her come-back is quite wonderful, her identity unknown to him, she sees him advance politically and about to marry well. But the old-time lover appears on the scene, threatens blackmail and apparently has the upper hand when he is conveniently killed off. Her object attained and known only to her son's *fiancée* she resolves never to let the true relationship be revealed. If purely conventional this theme might have been worked into something practical and cumulative as to interest. Mr. Osmun's handling is so amateurish that there is no suspense while the damnably iterative character of the dialogue makes for fearsome tedium.

In the opening act, Miss Rambeau gave a very sustained sketch of the feminine derelict. Later, she was only called upon to repeat what she had previously accomplished under much more picturesque surroundings. The son was admirably personated by Hugh Dillman. His repose and sincerity were finely appealing. A snake charmer, who followed Mme. Renee into the polite life, was most amusingly sketched by Grace Goodall. The whole cast was excellently chosen.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "HOBOHEMIA." Comedy in three acts by Sinclair Lewis. Produced on February 8 with this cast:

Jamesina Jasselby	Helen Westley
Oliver Jesselby	Noel Tearle
Ann Saffron	Grace Morse
Ysetta Jones	Mona Bruns
Jandorf Fish	Theodore Doucet
Nona Barnes	Beatrice Prentice
Ciro Malavici	Geoffrey C. Stein
Dennis Brown	Frank M. Thomas
Bill Hupp	Ralph Bunker
Miss Smith	Ruby Craven
Ole' Clothes Man	Phil White
Miss Pewslip	Lois Frances Clark
Inga	Hilda Englund

"HOBOHEMIA," the latest play which the merry Greenwich Villagers have put on at their little theatre in Sheridan Square, purports to be a burlesque on New York's widely advertised—if not justly famed—*Quartier Latin*. Its utterly childish ineptitude is entirely in keeping with its source of inspiration.

The best I can say for Greenwich Village itself is that it is a comparatively dull American travesty of the once joyous and often sincere

region adjacent to the dear old Boule' Miche' in Paris. It is an entirely pinchbeck Bohemia which our New York "art colony" has laboriously worked up for itself. Such satirical efforts as "Hobohemia," therefore can be little more than burlesques upon a burlesque and to a large extent works of supererogation.

"Hobohemia" comes from the *Saturday Evening Post* and sounds like it. A young Lochinvar from Minnesota comes to New York and opens a poetry factory to show that efficient methods will triumph in the realm of letters exactly as they do in real estate. He invents an ultra Russian novelist (for whom an old clothes man poses) and eventually demonstrates to his Minneapolitan sweetheart that he is preferable to the most alluring Bohemian that ever lived south of Tenth Street.

The principal other characters are a free versifier, who hasn't the faintest notion as to what his "poetry" means; a couple from Nutley, N. J., who, though actually married, take joy from pretending to defy convention by living together; a smock designer who dances *à la* Fanny Brice; a futurist painter with amorous designs upon the little Western girl; a press agent, and a Swede servant girl.

All these rôles are acted with extreme amteurishness, even Helen Westley not showing any gain from her experience in Broadway theatres. Indeed, the only genuine actor in the cast is Phil White, who makes the clothing merchant an amusing and credible figure in spite of the much too narrow limitations of his opportunity.

"Hobohemia" is a dull and badly written travesty on a subject which has been done to death these many years.

48th STREET. "THE NET." Play in three acts by Maravene Thompson. Produced on February 10 with this cast:

John Royce	Francis Byrne
Lily Lenox	Claire Whitney
Albert Page	Alfred Shirley
Bruce Norman	Byron Beasley
The Man	Charles Millward
Allayne	Kathlene MacDonell
Billy Norman	Graham Lucas
Nurse	Lucy Sheldon
Inspector Blake	Walter Horton
Thomas	Arthur Eldred
Lizzie	Cicely Barcham
Dr. Morris	Charles Dalton
Sir Henry Drake	Ben Johnson
Martin	Elbert Johns

NEW YORK is receptive toward any play, production or authorship in which there is the professional touch and firmness of handling, and that regardless of more or less minor differences of opinion of the subject-matter. It wants, of course, a preponderance of the best. With the inefficient and the amateurish it has no patience, and gives it short shrift.

"The Net," by Maravene Thompson, at the Forty-eighth Street, met this test of favor. A comparatively new manager, Lee Kugel, it was plain to see, knew the conditions of success in New York, and provided his share of the means of it. It was manifest that a new author had entered the lists. It is in vain that the captious among the critical should resent it that one of the principal characters wanders into the first act in a state of amnesia.

The play itself does not suffer from amnesia. It is too human in its incidents to be held too strictly accountable for the unpleasant nature of the effects of a blow on one's head. Easily might the scheme of the play be altered a bit so as to restore peace among the dissentients. The drama of it all is too strong not to hold its own on the stage for an effective play. A wife, with a child, a son, is living in London, separated from her spendthrift, drunken husband, who now comes with a demand for money or the child. At the studio of a friend of hers, in a quarrel, he kills that friend, and flees, contriving it so that the police arrest the unknown stranger who had wandered in in his condition of amnesia. The District Attorney, under the advice of the Doctor, has the man removed to the woman's house, suspecting a concealment of the facts. The woman, wife and mother, is driven by mother love to keep the child's life untouched by the crime of the wretched father. That surely is a strong combination of dramatic circumstances. The stranger is sure to recover his mind. How now to save the discovery of the real murderer and not to injure this stranger, who wins the love of both the boy and the mother? There is where the drama of it is, and the right solution will be found if it is not at present wholly satisfactory, and we shall have one of the strongest plays of the day.

Mr. Kugel has supplied such an extraordinary cast that a detailed account of the performance is not required in proof of its worthiness. Byron Beasley, Charles Millward, Kathlene MacDonell, Charles Dalton, Ben Johnson, Walter Horton, Claire Whitney—and others all excellent, including Francis Byrne. Arthur Eldred and a remarkable child, Graham Lucas.

FRENCH THEATRE Du Vieux Colombier.

AS a slight tribute to the memory of The Father of His Country, M. Jacques Copeau, for the week which took in the celebration of Washington's Birthday, in addition to a very spirited and amusing rendition of "La Coupe Enchantée," by La Fontaine, with a prologue that brought in a contemporaneous reference to Chateau-Thierry, at which place the noted Fabulist was born, produced for the first time on any stage an extract from Percy MacKaye's "Washington."

The scene presented was the Valley Forge incident and was translated into French by M. Copeau himself, who donned the regimentals of the great commander of the Continental troops. The scene, which is one of something like a dozen and half incidents in the life of the First President, is described by its author as a ballad play designed for community usage. It is to give in a single evening a bird's-eye view of the career of the Great American, and to present him as a human figure, devoid of the romantic glamor that history insists upon veiling him with to the exclusion of his very human traits.

The sufferings at Valley Forge were depicted with nice fidelity and sincerity, but the fact was never hidden that as Mr. MacKaye draws him, Washington is still a sheer figure of the theatre.

During the week of February 24, the company revived its really delicious presentation of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." I waxed enthusiastic over this production last season and I am again equally emphatic in declaring it a gem of dramatic accomplishment. It is purely Illyrian in spirit. There is nothing Anglo-Saxon about the Sir Toby and Sir Andrew to which we are accustomed; but their exponents MM. Bouquet and Jouvet are at their best in provoking constant and legitimate fun.

BIJOU. "A SLEEPLESS NIGHT." Farce comedy in three acts by Jack Larric and Gustav Blum. Produced on February 18 with this cast:

Rena Mansfield	Peggy Hopkins
Wellington West,	Ernest Glendinning
Ilma Harper	Carlotta Monterey
Rev. Henry Townsend	Fred W. Peters
Leonard	Fred Nicholls
Davis	Daniel Smith
Ella	Adrienne Bonnell
Talbot Chandler	William Morris
Ernest	Donald Gallaher
Frances	Lucile Watson

MR. and Mrs. Artist, of Greenwich Village, live separate lives and Mrs. Artist retains her maiden name. They happen in together at the Long Island home of a millionaire from whom each hopes to get a valued commission.

The millionaire's ward, Rena, and his son, Ernest, fall in love with Mr. and Mrs. Artist respectively. Rena is a would-be radical, and when she is dared to do something really unconventional, she invades Mr. Artist's bedroom at night. Presently Ernest arrives to discuss his love affair, and Rena hides in the bed, under which is concealed Mrs. Artist, who naturally does not wish to be compromised by being found with her husband. Next comes the millionaire. Ultimately, in spite of Mr. Artist's frantic efforts to prevent, the wealthy host discovers the two women.

The following morning is devoted to deferred explanations. Mr. Artist, to whom Rena has pretended to be married, is finally forced to confess his matrimonial relations with Mrs. Artist. And the millionaire, believing that one who can lie so glibly must be truly artistic, gives him the commissions after all.

Such is the idea which the authors of "A Sleepless Night" have fashioned into a farce comedy. The piece amply demonstrated its worth as a laugh-getter, in spite of its lack of variety and the occasional ineptitude of its dialogue. It suffered, too, somewhat from the fact that Act I was comedy, whereas the rest of the piece was altogether farcical.

Ernest Glendinning, as the mural painter, bore the chief burden with considerable skill, and Peggy Hopkins labored valiantly as the ward. It was their misfortune, under the circumstances that they were not John Cumberland and Francine Larrimore. Carlotta Monterey was the artist's wife, and Donald Gallaher was the youth who unsuspectingly fell in love with her. William Morris gave the most convincing performance of the lot as the millionaire. Lucile Watson was his absent-minded sister, who did not have nearly enough to do in the play.

PLYMOUTH. "As You Like It."

THE ideal Rosalind recently stepped the boards of the Plymouth, where the Shakespeare Playhouse gave a revival of "As You Like It." Ideal physically that is. Ah, if the gray matter and technical experience had only been in keeping with the outward appearance that Elsie Mackay presented as the Ganymede of Arden a new page would have been written into dramatic history. But Miss Mackay is young and there is hope yet that she may grasp the significance of that joyous figure and present it as it should be—the epitome of radiant charm, youthful enthusiasm, gracious romance and sparkling wit.

The standard which Mr. McEntee's company presented may have been a high one, but it was not realized. It was a stodgy, dull and heavy rendering they gave of the sylvan idyll. A more uninspired rendering of a joyous comedy could hardly be imagined. But there were encouraging spots; a gentle human Banished Duke, Allen Thomas; a Corin that gave a real suggestion of the soil, J. Harry Irvine; he deftly doubled as the exquisite Le Beau and a Touchstone, Henry Herbert, which was executed with deft skill and appreciation.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "The Royal Vagabond." Opera comique in three acts. Book and lyrics by Stephen Ivor-Szinney and William Cary Duncan. Music by Anselm Goetzel. Additional numbers by George M. Cohan. Produced on February 17 with this cast:

Marcel	Roger Gray
Chefcheck	Charles Wayne
Janku	Louis Simon
Anitza Chefcheck	Tessa Kosta
Col. Ivan Petroff,	John Goldsworthy
Sixtus	Julian Winters
Prince Stephan	Frederick Santley
Prof. Montague Hopkins,	Robinson Newbold
Princess Violetta,	Frances Demarest
Princess Helena	Grace Fisher
Queen of Bargravia,	Winifred Harris
Carlotta	Dorothy Dickson
Captain Dantzig	Carl Hyson
Wanda	Gladys Zell
Josette	Edna Pierre
Drodondo	Walter Palm
Carlo / A Page	Helen Pierre

THE Royal Vagabond" is comprehensively and accurately described on the bill as a Cohanized Opera Comique. The ingenious architect of plays is characteristically American in hating shams, and is disposed to buffet about the stage the pretensiously false with a slapstick, but he does not waste time in satirizing the obvious. What satire there may be on royalty or the still more effete opera Comique of the past is smothered in odd conceits and episodes, with a bit of splendor in the way of costumes and a throne room, for it has everything that the eye likes and the vagabondish heart of the public desires. They dance forward and sideways, *en echelon* and backwards, and in one instance with their heads down and their feet up in the air vertically, as when two girls slip backward over a wall and invite applause with their feet above the wall.

The fun is too fast for satire, unless it be the pleasant episode of the men who come on captive to the girls, each with a crown on his head, which presently is taken off and deposited in a waste-basket. There is not much that is consistent but the inconsistency. Nobody comes on in a walk, unless it is a very remarkable walk; and as to the others, it is only a question if they come on in greater haste or go out with more rapidity. If any of the characters are odd they are very odd, if stately they are very stately, satirically so, amiably so, and capable of limb or voice. It is a state of war, but nobody really wants to cut anybody's throat; and a monarchy is overturned and a republic established without bloodshed, the liberal-minded Prince, the Vagabond, being made the first President. A happy coincidence is that the best dancer of the evening is made his consort. The Cohanization consists mainly in its being a full evening's entertainment. A single reference by one of the characters to Hoboken was the only satire of the old (American) Opera Comique that was discernible.

The characters are well enough, but there is charm in more than one of the individual performers, Dorothy Dickson, particular, arousing that warmth of applause for the shapely and animated and graceful and sensuous that only Broadway is capable of. Carl Hyson is very clever in his parodies. A dozen little children had a little episodic play all to themselves. The individual merits of their elders are too various and great to recount. It is a Cohan show, prodigal and vivacious.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "The Tents of the Arabs." Play in two acts by Lord Dunsany. Produced on March 3 with this cast:

Bel-Narb	Walter Geer
Aoob	Aldrich Bowker
The King	McKay Morris
The Chamberlain	George Somnes
Zebra	Richard Farrell
The Singer	Ellen Larned
Eznarza	Beatrice Maude

I WISH, in every way, to encourage the high artistic purpose represented in the Stuart Walker idea at the Punch and Judy, where through his Portmanteau Theatre he is presenting a series of unusual and altogether well-worth-while plays. And yet if I say too much about the poetical value of these productions I

fear me that I'll defeat my purpose. Once give voice to the fact that something is artistic and poetic and a large section of theatregoers will at once dub it high-brow and stay away. If they do they will deprive themselves of some splendid entertainment.

"The Tents of the Arabs," by Lord Dunsany is sheer poetry. There is nothing odd, bizarre or exotic about it. A king longs for the desert and freedom from the cares of state. For a year he determines to enjoy such a life. There he meets one of its daughters. The relation deepens into perfect love. But duty calls him back. This mate-Queen feels she could never endure the confines of the city and they are about to part forever, when an imposter who resembles his Majesty declares he has returned to reascend his throne. The real king, glad of the opportunity, fails to disclose his identity and so returns forever to the desert with Eznarza as his companion. A charming love story expressed with graceful moving sentiment and acted in the spirit of true romance, particularly by McKay Morris as the king and Beatrice Maude, who as Eznarza, the daughter of Araby imparts an Oriental fervor and picturesqueness quite out of the ordinary. Miss Maude will certainly bear watching.

"The Book of Job." Revived on March 3 with this cast:

Narrators	Margaret Mower Elizabeth Patterson
Job	George Gaul
Eliphaz	George Somnes
Bildad	Edgar Stehli
Zophar	Aldrich Bowker
Elihu	McKay Morris
The Voice in the Whirlwind	Os-ke-non-ton

"The Book of Job" was long since recognized, by established critics, as one of the world's three greatest poems. As read and acted by Mr. Walker's players, the wonderful impression produced when it was first given a year ago is firmly renewed and fixed. Its gorgeous language is projected with marvelous fluency, intelligence and variety; its philosophy subtly set forth its dramatic content noted with vivid and picturesque effect. George Gaul as the long-suffering Job skirts its difficulties with consummate skill and makes of the landed proprietor of Uz an impersonation of brilliant authority, distinguished eloquence and sympathetic address.

LITTLE. "Please Get Married." Farce in three acts by James Cullen and Lewis Allen Browne. Produced on February 10 with this cast:

Soapy Higgins	Perce Benton
Parson Smith	Edward See
Mrs. Ashley	Ida Darling
John Harper Ashley	William Sampson
Muriel Ashley	Edith Taliaferro
Betty Bright	Elise Bartlett
Ferdinand Walton	Ernest Truex
Robert Walton	Martin Alsop
Constable	Elmer Brown
Nannette	Margaret Johnston
Hotel Clerk	Francis Pierlot
Frank Hastings	Thomas E. Jackson
Rev. Jenkins	J. D. Walsh

THE other evening when I was improving my mind, of course it goes without saying, that was the night I didn't go to the theatre, I ran across in a book devoted to Molière and his times reference to a comedy entitled "La Noce Interrompue." I wonder if by any chance James Cullen and Lewis Allen Browne, authors of "Please Get Married," the farce which originally produced at the Little Theatre has since been transferred to the boards of the Fulton, ever read it? Anyway they have dramatized the title for such is the basis of their latest contribution to the ever-swelling list of bed-room farce.

Two children, at least they fortunately seem so, are married. They start on their honeymoon. In the meantime the clergyman who tied the knot is arrested for burglary. His clerical garb is described as camouflage. Arriving at a hotel the bridal suite is set apart for them. Then their troubles begin. The proprietor is notified by telegram that the ceremony was a fake and is told to intercept them. He is temporarily appeased by the explanation that a practical joker is at work—but interruption after interruption supervene and finally the hotel is found to be on fire. They motor back to her family's bungalow where the billing and cooing is undisturbed; (if the authors are not euphemistic in their speech, we editors, at least, must be) but the moral situation is saved because the minister was a real clergyman after all, who suffering from amnesia had wandered off on a predatory excursion.

Thus the interrupted wedding becomes *un fait accompli*. It is mildly diverting of its kind. The treatment however, is raw and entirely lacking in either technical skill or literary finish. The young couple are acted with agreeable humor by Ernest Truex and Edith Taliaferro. The "amnesiac" is very adroitly and amusingly impersonated by Edward See, while William Sampson as a hen-pecked husband is quietly and artistically diverting. Elise Bartlett is quite happy as an intrusive young woman with an excessive loquacity.

WINTER GARDEN. "Monte Cristo, Jr." Extravaganza in two acts and eighteen scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz. Produced on February 12 with this cast:

Maizdes Constantinopla	Watson Sisters
Haydee	Flore Revalles
The Toy Dance	Adelaide and Hughes
Vampa	Tom Lewis
Magistrate	Timothy Daley
Gendarme	Mart Fuller-Golden
Gendarme	Anthony Jochim
A Keeper	Arthur Cardinal
Annette	Fawn Conway
Grace	Grace Keeshon
Julian	Sam Ash
Matilda	Muriel Tindal
Mercedes	Audrey Maple
Edward Francois	John Kearns
Gaston	Roger Little
The Governor	Anthony Hughes
Rev. Fluffy Ruff	Ralph Herz
Monte	Charles Purcell
Florence	Katherine Van Pelt
Mme. Caderouse	Muriel Tindal
Fernand	Sydney Jarvis
The Minister	Jack Manning
Zeke	Clem Bevins
Jefferson Sap, Jr.	Chas. (Chic) Sale
Wilbur	Gordon Dooley
Clarence	William Dooley
Shirley	Shirley Sherman
Virginia	Virginia Fissinger
Gladys	Gladys Buckridge
A Roman	Rose Rolanda
Sahara	Esther Walker

IF you patronize the Winter Garden for the reason that you are partial to just such shows as are dished up there, you won't be disappointed in the new spectacle "Monte Cristo, Jr." True, you will hardly be able to distinguish it from its predecessors, except in the title. It is the same vaudeville entertainment with possibly a little more plot than is usual in Winter Garden extravaganzas, backed up by the exhibition of more or less undraped feminine anatomy.

The girls being decidedly good-looking, one is the less inclined to cavil at the talent, of which there is no lack. The big laugh in the performance goes to the Dooleys—William and Gorden—for their amusing "Apache Dance." The Watson Sisters' *"Sweetie Hanging Around"* number scored a deserved hit. Charles Purcell who plays the title rôle, sang with his customary skill, and the toy dance of Adelaide and Hughes was a charming feature. But probably the hit of the performance was scored by Esther Walker, a newcomer to the Winter Garden ranks, who did a specialty "snake" number that won much applause.

The famous runway was not much in evidence, only two songs being done on it—*"Sugar Baby"* and *"Broadway Butterfly,"* the latter very capably led by Charles Purcell.

The new Winter Garden show can be summed up in the words—just girls.

Photos White

(Standing) Grace Morse, Geoffrey Stein, Beatrice Prentice, Theodore Doucet; (seated) Noel Tearle and Helen Westley, in Act I of "Hobohemia," a farce-comedy of Greenwich Village life

Byron Beasley, Francis Byrne and Kathlene MacDonell, in "The Net," a play with a "punch," by Maravene Thompson

William Morris, Peggy Hopkins, Donald Gallaher, Ernest Glendinning and Carlotta Monterey, in "A Sleepless Night," a new bedroom farce

FROM FARCE TO MELODRAMA—ON BROADWAY

SEX ON THE STAGE

A popular theme generally false and inexcusably tiresome to people with fine ideals

By JANE COWL

IF the Peace Conference would only take up this matter of sex and settle it for the whole world, a great favor would be conferred upon all women. It is a woman's problem in real life, as it is in plays, but most women are not perplexed by it, they are simply bored with it. The fatigue of being noble, the exhaustion of eternally weighing why the heroine's normal virtues are persecuted with abnormal suspicions, the dilemma of whether sentimentalism is right, and passion is wrong, in plays, are tiresome factors in one's professional work on the stage.

Some day perhaps, women will bring their boys up differently, and the conundrum of sex will be simplified. To-day, it is rampant in the theatres, and of course, what everyone wants, everyone will have.

In the respect of stage sex in plays the theatre is confronted with a condition, it cannot talk to the public in parables. My own impressions of what is right and wrong in the sex problem drama have been limited mostly to plays in which I was not actually appearing. With the exception of "Common Clay," I have never appeared in a play that had the remotest relation to a sex problem. There were misgivings when I produced that play, and I softened lines and situations as best I could, through my inherent dislike for stage sex. I have seen many such plays, however, read many of them, but the sex theme on the stage is usually distorted, generally false, and inexcusably tiresome to people with fine ideals.

IN the course of her career, an actress is confronted with her artistic issue, she inherits a family of many parts, and if she is conscious of her responsibility, her issue will resemble the tradition of her own character. Few women are as weak as the sex plays would make them, and no woman fails so utterly in spiritual insight as a man. These are not the elements of stage sex, as the theatres are presenting it. They are the elements as some actors and actresses and all sorts of other men and women would like to have them presented.

The story of Faust is perhaps the keynote of all theatrical sex problems. Old Dr. Faust foolishly wants to be young again, not that he can pursue his scientific studies, but that he can win the adolescent Marguerite, to his own undoing. Of course, the latent truth of the Faust-parable, is that through love women find their reward of sex, which no man understands. To men, Faust is the symbol of men's desires; to women, Marguerite is the triumph of women's desires. It is this eternal difference of vision that entangles them. Most plays that pretend to reveal these entanglements do so without a clear perception of the spiritual consequence. And that is all that matters in the book, the picture or the play. That also is all that matters in the transition of emotion in real life.

Perhaps it is the fear which many have to take themselves seriously that drives them to the other extreme. That perhaps is why audiences will crowd the theatre to see a sex play that is utterly wrong, because in the end it makes them realize what nonsense stage sex really is. They come out of the theatre with a keener enjoyment of the fresh air, the steady calm of the stars overhead, and a gradual relief from such stifling fiction. On the other hand, I think there are some plays that so fill your spirit with the glow of reserve, that you want to go straight home and enjoy them again in silent reverie. A few, one or two plays of this kind, make the smouldering fires of right blaze up cheerfully, scattering the shadows of the heart. It depends perhaps, upon how old you are, how green the logwood of your emotions or how seasoned.

LIKE all degrees of artistic effort, such plays can have in them, and do have, the miracle of sex; sex adapted to the stage, in its true relation to spirituality, in its inspiring climaxes, in its superb final curtain that leaves you with the secret prospect of a great adventure. These are the plays that present sex in its true proportion to the elemental destiny of all human beings. They are so rare, and so distinguished. It is difficult offhand, to remember them, to tell about them, respectfully. It is, however, safe to assume that J. M. Barrie has achieved some such inspiring impulse in his recent play, "Dear Brutus." In it he has merged the miracle of sex, wrapping it in its natural soft blanket of tenderness, like a baby. Instances of this sort in the theatre justify the probability that stage sex is not a red glare but a subdued intimate light that gradually reveals hidden mysteries for us. Sex has been abused chiefly in art; in life it is more often the great secret of happiness.

But, what of these people, who, after yielding to the spell of some masterpiece such as I have indicated, flock to the cabarets, after the theatre, where stage sex is again thrust upon them in glaring falsehood of appeal? No one can deny that the cabaret idea is stage sex, although of course, this is not admitted.

If it were not for that Mephistopheles of American audiences, the T. B. M. (The Tired Business Man) the cabaret would devolve itself into a musical programme without silk stockings and short skirts. It is he who escorts the woman to the cabaret with the blind notion that she enjoys it. She doesn't! She is only mildly interested. Endurance, patience, amiability are the three Graces that attend women who go to shows in which this sort of stage sex predominates. There is very little surprise in the sex problem play to a woman.

SHE knows perfectly well that the outward romance of sex is almost as common as the simplest rules in arithmetic, and she knows the rules. There is no mystery in stage sex to the woman, there is only the boredom of its everlasting clap-trap and the seriousness. In the wisdom of sex she dominates the average man. Though she appears to lean upon his strength, he is really being mothered by her.

Fatigue of hopes deferred sends people to the theatre to have their senses stimulated; they find on the stage the kind of dream they want. But I do not believe there is any helpful stimulus in an appeal to the sensuous, to the romance that is worn out, to the philosophy of the man who is out at elbows and the man who is on the edge of crime.

OFTEN the imagination is drawn behind the heavy portière of the sex idea in some plays, too obviously. Plays of that sort are stage sex gone wrong, for the senile touch of an old hand at playmaking is the worst influence in art because the discords of emotion are harmonized with the cunning of a master stroke.

Then there are innumerable exhibitions in the theatres that could be marked purpose plays, chiefly with a purpose to answer the call of the wild. The challenge of a moose in the silent forest to its rival is a text of passion we may all allow, but the challenge which these plays make to the dignity and force of sex is the challenge of one neurasthenic to another. It may be due to the faults of our bad habits of living in crowded cities, it may be due to the careless liberty of our ideas of individual freedom of character, it may be a matter of sociality that is quite beyond my poor gifts of analysis, but there is at times, a tendency in the theatre to exploit sex ideas that are in reality the ideas of sex anarchy. Such plays are the Bolsheviki propaganda of passion.

Then there are the more harmless attempts at sex compromise in the theatre in plays of a sentimental, sweet peppermint quality, that seem to make a special appeal to the immature, to the inexperienced theatregoer. Yes, there is such a thing.

The shallow plays with sex attractions are designed for the timid people whose thrills are in their ankles. That deep they will wade, but no deeper. The inexperienced theatregoer deserves the penalty of his experience, but the theatre is a rostrum of enormous scope and can be faithfully, respectfully sustained in endeavors to lift us up from the streets of a great city to the environment of something better in thought and idea.

A play that does not justify an ideal in the heart and the mind retards the dignity of our profession. When it does that it attacks the future of the American stage, because it eliminates the work of the most distinguished actors and actresses in their professional celebrity. We have only to recall the names of celebrated men and women of the theatre to realize that they have always been associated with inspiring effort. Their plays were works of art, not essays on sex. None of them could afford to place themselves in expression of the trivial appeal of a sex problem.

These convictions are only those of an actress of course, not those of a critic, and therefore they are perhaps nearer the illusions of the theatre.

[In the next issue Hazel Dawn will write on "Naughty Parts in Naughty Plays."]

Daguerre

SYLVIA TELL

A Chicago girl, who is probably the youngest première danseuse in grand opera, being but sixteen years old. Her last birthday and her début with the Chicago Opera Company occurred on the same date

Campbell

CONSTANCE BINNEY

From a movie favorite to an important place in the "Ziegfeld Nine o'Clock Revue" is an unusual step. Miss Binney played one of the leads in the film play, "Woman," and now she is pirouetting at the Danse de Follies

Campbell

DOROTHY AND BETTY ALLAN

In the "Century Midnight Whirl" on the roof of the Century Theatre, these dainty misses do a dance in imitation of the Dolly Sisters that is as pretty and graceful as they are themselves

Campbell

MILDRED LA GUE

Full of fire, vivacity and grace is this young dancer in the musical piece "Sometime"

Apeda

MATILDA BOSS

Among vaudeville's favorites is this classic dancer who is appearing in a new dancing act

BRIGHT SPOTS IN THE DANCE WORLD

ELECTRICITY—THE MODERN STAGE ARTIST

Success of many recent productions depends upon unusual lighting effects

By GRACE T. HADLEY

THIRTY years ago, the use of electricity on the stage was unknown either for lights or for special effects. Today the modern theatre is equipped with all of the latest contrivances that make for expediency, and electricity is now, not only the chief illuminant and producer of mysterious effects, but it aspires to be the modern stage artist.

Perhaps in a darkened theatre one may be watching a duel. There is a thrust and a parry as the duel starts and sparks fly from the swords. This is just one of the many tricks that electricity does on the stage. These vivid sparks may not be so mysterious after all, if one understands that the two actors may be standing on a metal plate to which they make contact through metal heel plates. The swords may be connected by a concealed flexible cord with the metal heel plates, and the source of current, the house lighting circuit connected to the metal plates, through an inductive resistance allowing about 10 amperes to flow through the circuit when the swords touch.

A storm scene, however, gives electricity a real opportunity for special effects. Here midst the howl of wind, the patter of raindrops, comes a blinding flash of lightning. For example in "King Lear" there is a wonderful storm scene. A bolt of lightning darts from the sky and strikes a tree at the left of the stage. There is a crash and where the tree stood previously, there are only fragments.

An interested audience seldom analyzes such an effect. They feel the thrill and the excitement and perhaps would declare that they saw a bolt of lightning. The bolt may consist of two concentric cables, not insulated and carrying current. The cable may stretch from a fly gallery to the tree and on a dark stage it would be invisible. On the cable rises a projecting arm pulley that carries carbon contacts to scrape along the cable thus making a series of vivid flashes.

The contact is released in the fly gallery at the right moment, and of course there is a trail of flashes traveling too fast for even an inquisitive audience to grasp in detail. The tree is pulled apart by a nimble stage hand and then when the bolt strikes there is an explosion of a small quantity of smokeless powder placed in a box, by fusing a piece of fine magnet wire.

In a series of Red Cross entertainments given at Southampton, L. I., in a big tent, with elm trees and their surroundings as a novel backdrop, a special feature was the use of a steam curtain for scenes which required some change of setting. This curtain was used for periods varying from one to three minutes, and caused no inconvenience to the audience whatever. The source of steam was the village road roller, borrowed for the occasion. On the steam curtain, projectors played varicolored lights in reds, greens and ambers with striking effect. A little study of the properties of color frequently make possible, unexpected effects. Color effects are secured by sheets of gelatine placed in frames of the size to fit the opening before the light source.

Several years ago, some of the more progressive American producers, stars and scenic artists became interested in the improvement of stage-lighting. One of the first problems undertaken was that of overhead illumination. The European device of a sky dome, which cannot be transferred from one structure to another, was duplicated by a clever use of nitrogen gas filled lamps. Newer methods discard the arc-light and the several types of the nitrogen lamp are now substituted.

These interesting nitrogen lamps include the standard spot-light fitted with 1,000-watt concentrated filament lamp; the nitrogen sciopticon for producing special stage effects such as moving clouds; the latest type of open box light with 1,000-watt lamp; the glass-lined reflector with 1,000-watt lamp for brilliant flood light and the daylight flood light with similar lamp and special light shield.

The revival of "Peter Pan" during the season 1915-16 was considered an admirable example of American craftsmanship in the art of stage-lighting. The Japanese tragedy "Bushido" was artistically illuminated. The climax of the "Gods of the Mountain" depended entirely upon a peculiar lighting effect. In the present production of "The Unknown Purple," the mystery is deepened by a purple glow and the clever use of the modern spot-light. The players are frequently and effectively silhouetted by a white spot-light against a dark background, thereby enhancing dramatic values.

The stage as a whole is a mobile picture and for this picture all of the ingenuity of the stage artist should be drawn upon. One of the superior features of light as an expressive medium is the ease with which mobile effects may be obtained. Further secondary variations may be introduced into light play by the proper use of color, a mobile element. In this direction, the stage artist may explore a vast unknown field from which some novel, artistic developments may be expected. Bassett Jones, the illuminating engineer has already put some of his ideas on the subject of mobile color into practice.

In the year 1915, and in co-operation with Howard Greenley, the result of some years of study and experience was incorporated in the setting for a classic pantomime, "The Dispute of the Muses," in which mobile color was used as background for dances. This result proved that "mobile color" is not only a possibility, it is a practical achievement. By the proper co-ordination of suitable lighting devices, with scenery material, pigments and dyes, the most elaborate color play can be produced and with no very great difficulties. Thus light as a mobile element offers an artistic medium for the realization of new notes of beauty in the production of stage effects.

IMAGINARY NOVELTIES FOR NEXT SEASON

By HAROLD SETON

LEO DITRICHSTEIN is to appear in a play entitled "The Great Hater," as he has exhausted the possibilities of "The Great Lover." In the new piece there will be no women in the cast, the star playing the part of a misogynist, a hermit of the back-woods, teaching the art of woman-hating to the few men in the vicinity.

Nora Bayes will be in a production surrounded by a lot of people, each of whom will have opportunities to prove their worth, preventing the star from being the whole show. This unusual departure will be watched with interest, and, if the experiment is successful, may suggest a permanent policy for Miss Bayes.

Hartley Manners has written six new plays for his wife, Laurette Taylor. These will be tried out, one at a time, until a hit is scored, then the remaining productions will be held in reserve for future use, along with nine other plays by Mr. Manners still awaiting a presentation.

Marguerite Clark will abandon the movies, and will return to the speakies, appearing in a repertoire of emotional parts, including the title-rôles in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and "Camille." Her leading man will be Jack Pickford whose Armand ought to attract attention.

Tom Wise and William Courtenay will continue their partnership, co-starring in "The Comedy of Errors." As the two Dromios they ought to offer original characterizations quite different from those of W. H. Crane and the late Stuart Robson. This promises to be one of the season's real novelties.

Julian Eltinge also plans to appear in Shakespearian productions, essaying the rôles of Juliet, Rosalind, and Katherine. If the venture proves successful, he will also appear as Ophelia, Desdemona, and Lady Macbeth. The masculine leads will be taken by Vesta Tilley. The plays will be produced under the direction of Houdini.

Bertha Kalich has been engaged by Florenz Ziegfeld Jr. to be featured in a new "Follies" production. Madame Kalich will sing and dance. She is now being taught singing by Mrs. Castle and dancing by Caruso. Mr. Ziegfeld is negotiating with Robert B. Mantell to play opposite Madame Kalich in a low comedy rôle with a pie-throwing episode suggested by the movies.

Photo C. Smith Gardner

All that is necessary to complete this happy family group is "Daddy" P. L. Smith. Perhaps it is he that Marguerite Sylva and her two adorable kiddies, Daphne and Marguerite, are looking for

Campbell

When Belle Story is not singing the prima donna rôle in "Everything" at the Hippodrome, you are certain to find her with Baby Arline

Campbell

"Bill" is the reason for Mabel Taliaferro's absence from the stage. But now that he has attained the magnificent age of nine months, his mother will be seen shortly in a new play. In real life, Miss Taliaferro is Mrs. Thomas J. Carrigan

Fairchild

Valli Valli and her husband, Louis Dreyfus, have respectfully accorded center stage to little Valli Victoria

ACTRESSES IN DOMESTIC ROLES

THE HOSPITAL THEATRE

Soldiers' wounds made less painful by magic of stage entertainment

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WHAT would most perplex an early Cæsar in these days were he granted a return down—or up—to earth?

The clash of arms? Not an early Cæsar. The marching of countless cohorts? So in proportion did they march in his brief hour. The wealth of young spilled blood? No, he was acquainted with this liberal expenditure of life. Pageantry he knew and the triumphant music of victory.

So I think what would really have set him rumpling the wreath upon his brow would be the vast care that is given a fighting army when it can no longer fight.

It is difficult to imagine a one-legged Roman soldier in a toga, but if the ravages of war did leave the lad one-legged, he was probably selling the equivalent for matches near the forum, or watching humbly outside the Coliseum as a litter brought his emperor to the royal games within. That is, of course, if those of Cæsar's legions recovered from the rotting of their mangled limbs, and they left the battlefield.

Today a man's usefulness to himself is not allowed to lessen from the moment of his first wound. He is brought back to life by all that keen science and tender nursing can do for an ailing body and during the period his mind is not allowed to brood from lack of recreation upon the Things That Might Have Been, which —indeed—Might Have Been no improvement on the Things That Are and Are To Be.

IT is the soldiers today who go into the Coliseum to see the games. It is the Cæsars and their counsellors who sit in offices and devise plans for the welfare of the men.

To be sure, we are not all Cæsars, we do not all sit in high places, but it seems to me as an observer that the continual providing of wise diversion for those restless in mind, while weak in body, is no mean task.

The emotional reward is for the other fellow.

I recently heard a woman who was a member of the Executive Committee of the Stage Women's War Relief, deploring that she had not talked with a dozen soldiers, or seen a camp or hospital, for the reason that her best job seemed to be confined to a small, squared space in a city loft—a telephone at her desk—a stenographer by her side—and a heart full of pity for further equipment.

Yet through her organization's co-operation with the Red Cross, hundreds of entertainments had been sent to camps and hospitals, thousands of songs had been sung which she had never heard—myriads of stories told which never reached her ears. She got no further in the joy a soldier found by this offering from the theatre than the telephone which sought out the artists for such programmes.

We need go back no further than old Georgian ghost or a pinched Cromwellian, or one of our own Puritans, to imagine their sensations could they see this great mother of all charities (working under the sacred emblem of the Red Cross) co-operating in sympathy with those who were once looked upon as strolling vagabonds. When we hear that human nature is not improving—that the brow is not broadening or belief widening—let us think of this anomaly.

There is something of pathos in the emblem which these women of the stage chose for their work in war relief. It is a Crusader's Cross—and, truly, when they slipped from their stage finery into their white working garb, they were faring forth upon something of the great adventuring of the early seekers after a hidden hallowed Thing. What the stage found was a usefulness that lay not far from home, and one of their most important contributions to our army has been the amassing of talent and the continued sending out of programmes to the hospitals.

The process is simple—the Red Cross worker in charge of the recreation of the great debarkation hospitals asks for a show (The Red Cross have grown theatrical in their expressions) the time, the place—the audience are furnished by them and the Stage Women's War Relief puts together the programme and the show goes on as smoothly as though run on the wheels of the great vaudeville houses. Indeed, much of the talent comes through the generosity of vaudeville managers. If there are dressing rooms, the girls put on evening frocks, for that pleases the boys—and we always have as much girl talent as we can secure. They like "skirts," and, incidentally, patriotic songs bore them.

I came into the Grand Palace, or Debarkation Hospital No. 5, the other night dishonestly professing to be an entertainer for the Stage Woman's War Relief, in order to get past the giant at the door. I could not explain that I merely sat at a desk all day—it would not seem to him a legitimate part of the performance. The hall is long and low, but we are hoping to build a better one—and those of the wounded who cannot see far back stand along the passage. This, as it leads to the stage, has something of the magic of the stage entrance with a new and pleasing variety of Stage Door Johnnies, blocking the way. It is on such occasions that a lady with gray hair wishes vehemently that she were young again not for herself (not entire) but that the boys may have a most satisfactory evening.

However, any kind of a boy likes any kind of a woman—in a hospital. One notices that soldiers never speak first, but speak a great deal when encouraged.

"Can you see all right?" I asked one with a foot wound, longing to bring him a chair, but wanting him to realize that he was as much a cavalier as ever.

"Can see fine. Won't you rest yoah coat, lady?"

"Ah, from the south?"

"Carolina, yes ma'am."

One could not ask him which Carolina. There was only one to him.

"This heah's the first troupe I've seen in seven months. They do shine!"

Two little girls twinkled on the stage.

Brown Bros.

"The great performers are on the other side of the footlights"

THEY had hurried over from the Winter Garden before their performance, and the men were offering every inducement by their applause for two luckless singers to lose their Winter Garden jobs.

I wondered if the big audience waiting over on Broadway would be appeased if a stage manager stepped before the curtain and offered an explanation of the delay—

"We know they're late, but they are singing to the soldiers."

QUIEN SABE?

The lad on the other side of me shifted in pain.

"When did you get it?" I inquired. They all know what "When did you get it" means.

An expression of disgust crossed his face. "Two days after the armistice was signed," he snorted. "A fool friend of mine was cleanin' his gun."

We laughed and he hitched along. The soldier next to me whispered, "He's lyin'—he got that wound in the Wood."

The captain of the entertainment for the night, a pretty woman with gleaming clothes upon her, which "They" like, came toward me.

"The actors are all here, but the trained dogs and the midget." "Boys, you keep an eye out for the coming of the midget."

From a photograph, copyright, Hixon-Connelly

RUTH ST. DENIS

Wearing the throne costume in the "Dance of Theodora, Empress of Byzantium." Miss St. Denis was seen recently at the Palace Theatre in a series of picturesque and colorful dances in which her terpsichorean art was given splendid opportunities

The Stage Door Johnnies felt the importance of the command—men who had fought for us at Chateau-Thierry, were anxiously assuming a more enormous task—looking for the trained dogs AND the midget.

A whispered "Could the dogs a' et him?" An answer: "Naw. Didn't she say they wuz trained?"

A great headliner with her Jazz Band sent the audience to hurrahing with joy, and calling for their favorite songs. Before the war a lot of us had supped together on one of those lonesome nights in a Middle West town. We were admitting our ambitions then—they seem slight now. The great headliner's decision was swift and positive. "I am going to marry and I am going to quit the business, and have a lot of boys." Well, she hadn't married and she hadn't quit the business, but I looked around me—she had "a lot of boys."

A boy of about twenty-three sat on my right, he was an American through and through. Before he became a soldier, he worked in a steel factory in New Jersey and lived in a boarding house. His associates were mostly boys and his idea of women was unconsciously formed from the landlady who was too busy to be kind, too busy to be really clean and too busy keeping the house in order to always keep her temper in order.

Then the boy went to war, he fought and fought valiantly in the battle of Chateau-Thierry. He was taken unconscious to Base Hospital No. 3, and later when his wounds healed sufficiently he was brought back to his country and put in the hospital.

When I saw him there he told me in simple words his story. He said: "I was lying there in the cot when the Germans started to bomb that hospital, my leg was hurt and I couldn't walk; that wonderful lady, the Red Cross nurse, was coming over to help me get out of the hospital, when a piece of shrapnel about seven inches long hit her on the side of the head and she died right there.

"When I saw what had happened I wanted to die too. She was such a lovely lady, she never was cross and no matter what had to be done, she was always glad to do it, and was always cheerful, and we all loved her so much. She was like a sister and she did more work and was kinder about it than anyone I have ever known before. It would have been so much better if the shrapnel had hit me, instead of that Red Cross lady doing so much good for all of us.

"But," continued the soldier boy, "I shall always remember that lady, no matter whatever happens to me."

The simple and sincere admiration of this boy for the Red Cross nurse who had been so ruthlessly killed at her post was a great tribute to womankind as a whole. She was a revelation to him, and from the time of this experience a new feeling towards American womanhood was born in this boy.

The programme swung along. The Red Cross authorities came for the men who had to go early to bed, and showed a disinclination to note the time. "Scotty" put up an argument, but he went. (Oh, the discipline of war!) A fine fellow with his leg gone crouched down behind a pillar hoping to put off the evil hour. He smiled up at me "Haven't discovered me yet—I'm not all here." The crowd was blocking his vision. He could not stand and I was sick with pity, but dared not show it. (Oh, the discipline of war!)

"I'm afraid you cannot see the show," I ventured. He did not answer at first—His eyes seemed to embrace a far picture. It was not in our little theatre. Unconsciously he touched his stump. "I've seen a show—a big one," was his reply.

A tremor ran along the line of the stage door Johnnies—the dogs had come! And there was a slight distraction from the famous star on the stage. All of us were relieved, and we passed along the dog boxes respectfully. A village wit from Indiana put on his glasses and inspected the floor solemnly in his effort to find the midget. As for myself, I was impatient of the airs of Lilliputians—keeping an army in gray pajamas waiting. Yet, when he came he gave me a thought that I trust occurs to many of those entertainers who have ceaselessly assisted us with their gift.

Through the thunderous acclamation accorded the trained dog act his little voice piped in my ear. He had climbed a chair as he waited for his turn, and the two of us were looking out upon that strange audience of dressing gowns.

"It appears to me," said he most didactically, "that these boys are giving the show to us."

"So, how?"

"It appears to me that the great performers are on the other side of the footlights."

And from a Midget!

We went out in the brisk cold of the night. A long line of ambulances were unloading their patients in the court at the rear. The red emblem of mercy flamed upon the khaki-colored surfaces of the cars.

The actresses of the evening waited as they passed, and as I stood with them, it came to me:

What would be the greatest mystery of all to an early Cæsar—a very early Cæsar, if he were revisiting the earth?

It would be the sacred significance of the Cross itself.

WITH THE ARGONNE PLAYERS

Howard Greer writes interesting account of the most popular soldier-actors in France

IF the world war can be said to have anything to its credit, it is that it brought into close contact and comradeship not only the people of all races, but also men of all classes, crafts and trades. Howard Greer, the well-known designer, whose clever sketches of feminine costumes in the THEATRE MAGAZINE will be remembered, went to France with the A. E. F. as a member of a machine gun corps. When not engaged in strafing the Boche, Private Greer helped organize the Argonne Players. one of the best known and most popular of the theatrical troupes formed to make the doughboy forget his troubles. The following letter from Private Greer. describing the work of the players at the front. will be read with interest as coming from a contributor to the magazine to its readers:

"We are all indeed glad that the war is over, but the end came so suddenly—it was like a blow in the face, and we all staggered about No-Man's Land in a sort of stupor for several days after hostilities ceased.

"Then the sun began to shine in earnest. Our little theatrical unit was reorganized and we toured the large A. E. F. centers, including Chaumont, Tours, Bourges, Bordeaux, St. Nazaire and Nantes.

"Then came Paris! Our 'representation' had been whipped into excellent shape and we were quite triumphant in the French capital. Even the Boulevard papers lauded us. Now we are the most popular soldier organization here.

"When President Wilson came to Paris, our lieutenant began immediately upon a plan that seemed too stupendous for us to even hope that it might be realized. But it was achieved—and last Thursday night, at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, we gave a special performance to President and Mrs. Wilson, President and Mme. Poincarè, the three Field Marshals of France, Premier Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Bonar Law, Sir Henry White, Generals Pershing and Tasker Bliss, and practically all the members of the Peace Conference and the press delegation. I sent Elinor Glyn a box, and she came with two lords, some ladies, a marquis, an English general and a couple of duchesses!

"My duties have been to see that the 'leading lady' is properly dressed, and also, to do posters for advertising. I took my sketches to the Paris house of Lucile. The results are much nicer from the front than one might expect. With two evening gowns, two tea gowns, a luxuriant set of lingerie and two gorgeous evening cloaks, he might easily be envied by many a prima donna.

"The Argonne Players are planning to give a series of performances when we get back to New York. Percy Helton is with us—the chap who did 'Young America,' 'The Miracle Man'—and 'Peter Grimm' with Mr. Warfield. Stuart Sage is also along—the juvenile of 'Old Lady 31.' And then there's Rollin Grimes, who may be remembered in 'Love o' Mike,' '90 in the Shade' and 'The Girl Who Smiles.'

"We also have a merelous tenor, Mario Rodolfi—who is surely going to become very well known soon after we return to America. Our twenty-piece orchestra has representatives from the Damrosch Orchestra, the Russian Symphony, Sousa's Band and The Rialto Orchestra.

"All in all, we form a most interesting troupe. The female impersonator could fill a big place on the American stage. He is very slight, with the combined grace of Mrs. Castle and Dorothy Dickson, and he carries clothes like a Dolores. His name is Harry Cahill—and he never attempted female impersonations until he joined the United States Army.

"What strange places one finds one's *métier* in, *n'est ce pas?*

"I saw nearly every production in Paris—even to the funny little revue at the 'Abri'—and I spent much time at tea—in the Ritz and Meurice, watching the smart women dawdling with ropes of pearls, ivory cigaret-holders and platinum-and-diamond sugar boxes.

"*Paris* is a lovely place!"

Photos White Hamilton Revelle, Irene Haisman and Georges Renavent

Georges Durand refuses his consent to the young lovers' marriage and both are defiant

Mrs. Fiske, Frederic Burt and Hamilton Revelle

Père André tries to patch up the quarrel between Mis' Nelly and her fiancé of twenty years ago

Irene Haisman | Georges Renavent | Frederic Burt | Mrs. Fiske | Zola Talma | Hamilton Revelle

Georges brings in the woman to whom he claims his son is married. In this way he hopes to separate his son and Mis' Nelly's niece, in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," at Henry Miller's Theatre

Mrs. Fiske

Père André drinks a toast to Mis' Nelly, the fairest woman in N'Orleans

Mrs. Fiske

The quarrels mended, both couples are again affianced and all ends happily

MRS. FISKE IN A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY OF SOUTHERN MANNERS

THE GREATEST IMAGIST OF THE THEATRE

Discouraged in London, Gordon Craig finally compels recognition in Florence

By GERTRUDE LINNELL

PICTURE to yourself a little summer resort in Italy, the name Forte del Marmi, some fifteen years ago, before the world grew used to mad folk with long hair who did odd things. Picture to yourself a pavilion, built out over the blue Mediterranean waters, in which every evening during the warm months people gather in quite an informal way, to dance and chat and eat ices. The dance music is unostentatiously furnished by a hand organ.

It is not a fashionable pavilion, not patronized by the smartest set of the place, but quite nice for all that, and frequented by quite nice people, well-dressed people, in thin summer frocks, lazily waving fans, and discussing the salad they had for dinner, and who would be up in the next election, and what the weather would be like to-morrow. Mostly Italians from near-by cities, with a sprinkling of middle-aged maiden ladies from Boston, Kansas City, and Liverpool. They are a conservative and well-behaved but quite gay company, and from the vantage-point of the outside, they seem very inviting.

Suddenly a tall, handsome figure appears in the doorway, clad in green pajamas and sandals. He wears his hair long, without a hat. There is consternation and horror on every conservative Italian face, and the old maids from Boston and Kansas City are quite positive that such a thing could never happen at home.

THERE is almost an uproar—the handsome figure in the green pajamas is about to be ejected. Being a sensitive person he realizes that something must be done if he is to enjoy the delights of the place. He steps gracefully, politely, and gravely up to the most proper dowager in sight, and offers her his arm. Amazed, not quite understanding, perhaps a little pleased, she rises, takes it, and together they move off, gravely and serenely leading a grand march. A second figure in pajamas appears, ready to follow if afraid to lead, and selecting the next most correct old lady, follows the first couple. Someone else enters into the spirit of the idea, and falls in behind, and the day is saved. Round and round they march, through figure after figure until they finish in a rollicking Barn Dance, improvised on the spot.

The next morning that particular pavilion is famous all over Italy. Evening after evening the place is crowded with people hoping to see the mad genius, Gordon Craig, come to a dance in his pajamas. Why did he do it? Simply because his only suit of white ducks was soiled and he couldn't find a laundress! He couldn't find a room either, the place being crowded, so he and his co-workers, refusing to go back to the heat of Florence, slept in the sand, and worked during the day under umbrellas. Of course, the first night they didn't get much sleep, as the housed population insisted upon investigating them, but after a few days they ceased to be curiosities, and thereafter they worked in peace for the rest of the summer.

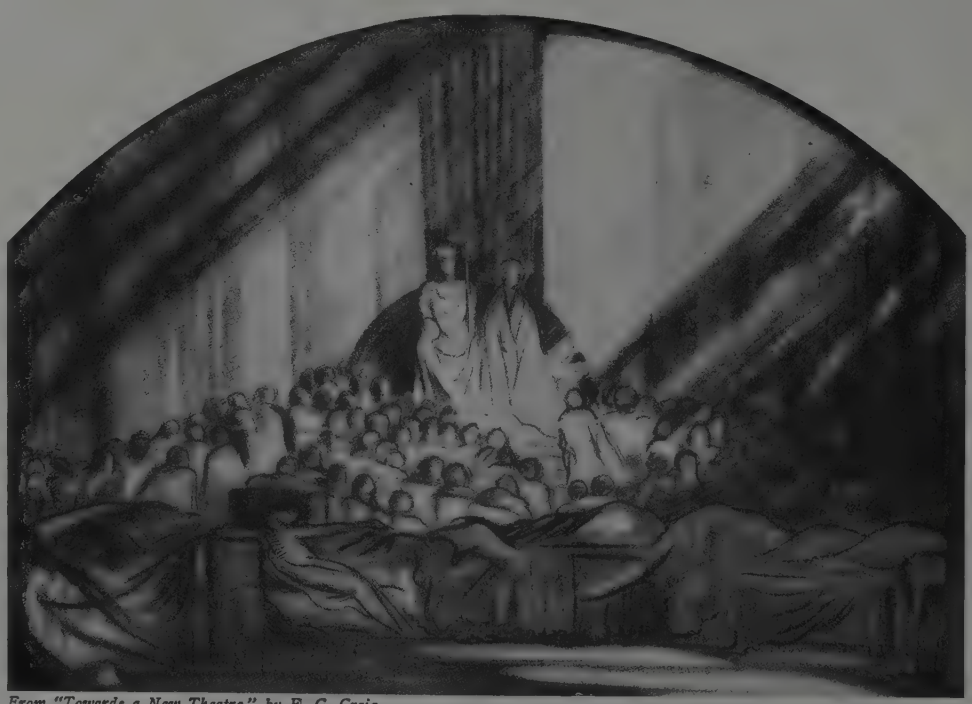
IN the winter, during the time he lived in Florence, Craig and his fellow-artists lived and worked in an old monastery just outside of Florence, sleeping, in the beginning, on the floor, on piles of shavings, their only heat from charcoal braziers, and fires of more shavings. They paid their debts when they had money, and begged and borrowed when they had none, mostly, of course, being true lovers of art, they had none. Craig's largest source of income at that time was derived from the checkers in a certain famous café in Florence. Boxwood checkers, large and round, with an excellent smooth back for engraving. "The Guild of Wood Engravers of San Leonardo" they called themselves, a guild of which Craig was the Lord and Master, obeyed, feared and loved. Every evening, sitting in the café, surrounded by idolatrous worshippers, he would teach some rich Italian, or perhaps, if he were lucky, two or three, to engrave on the backs of the checkers. They made themselves book-plates, letter-heads, designs, and—just engraved, but paid Craig for teaching them.

That was nearly fifteen years ago, after he had produced five comic operas, and one serious nativity play in London; enough, one would think, to have established to-day's greatest creative genius of the theatre beyond the point where he needed the money to be got from teaching chance café acquaintances to engrave book-plates on the backs of checkers, but from the first London opposed him. From the stage hands up through the very backers and "angels" the theatrical world united to exclude him. They resented his iconoclastic ideas, for which they can hardly be blamed. Being poor, and having many friends anxious to help him, he employed them as amateur stage hands, with the result that when he went into a theatre to put on a production he found blown-out plugs in the fuse-boxes, tangled lines, dust and disorder everywhere. Undismayed, though probably cursing, he and his friends again and again spent days and nights restoring order.

The professional actors hated him because he found them untractable and unwilling to accept his ideas.

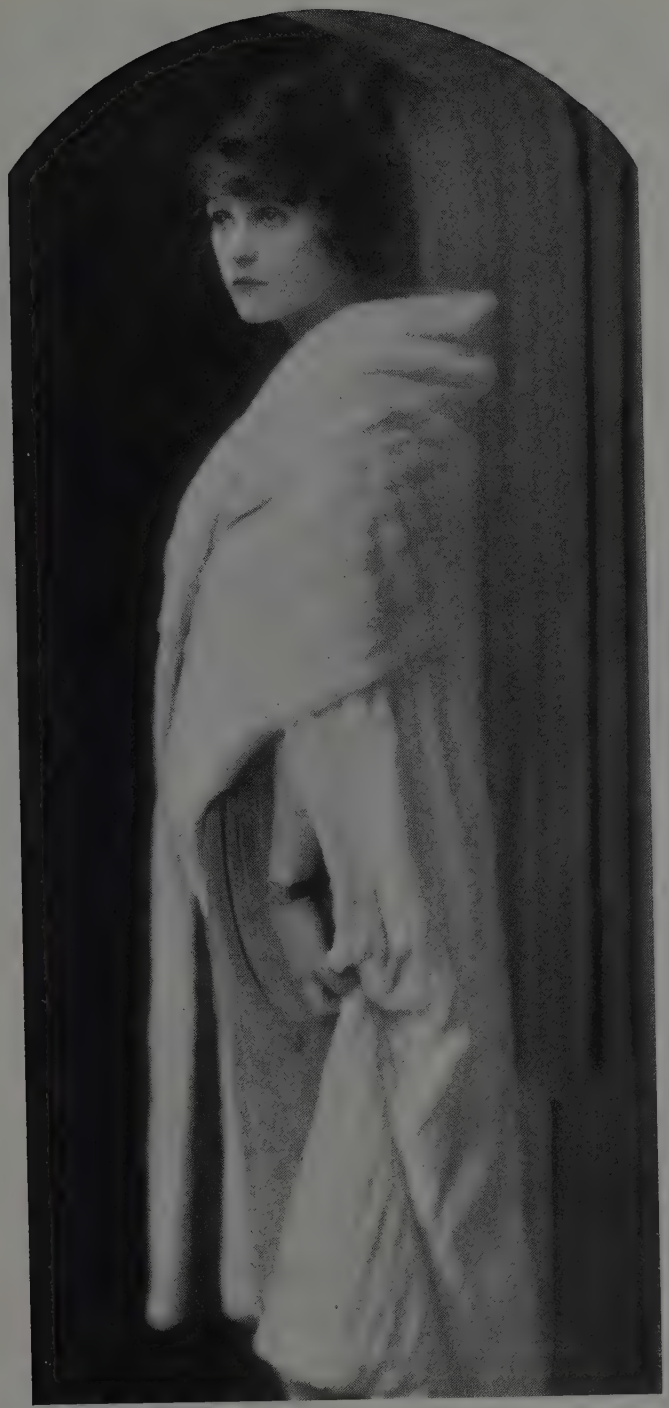
HE substituted amateurs at first, but finding them incapable, if willing, he finally reverted to puppets. After his views had been given a little publicity no professional actor would work for him, or, ostensibly working for him, would really work against him. The managers hated him because, managing, himself, he reversed their time-honored decisions, and called them fools and idiots when they persisted misunderstanding and refusing his ideas. They would not let him hire theatres, and called him mad.

Finally he went to Berlin on the invitation of Professor Max Reinhardt, where he worked with him, establishing Reinhardt's Theatre. Later, after Craig had gone to Florence to try to work out, under a warmer sky, the ideas that London scorned, Reinhardt took back those same ideas, and



From "Towards a New Theatre," by E. G. Craig.

Gordon Craig's setting for Act 1, Scene 2, of the "white" "Hamlet," at the Moscow Art Theatre, which was a European sensation



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ALICE BRADY

This talented daughter of William A. Brady has come rapidly to the front. She is one of this season's newly-risen stars. From singing the leading soprano rôles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas to playing heavy emotional parts is a long jump, but Miss Brady has bridged it successfully. Her skillful acting in "Forever After" has done much toward carrying that piece to success

(Below)

GRACE VALENTINE

Who, as the little movie-mad mannequin, is now being featured in "Lombardi, Ltd." Frederic and Fanny Hatton are at present engaged in writing a new comedy entitled "Madame Sappho" for this clever little comedienne, in which she will be seen on Broadway next fall

Photo C. Smith Gardner

REIGNING FAVORITES ON AND OFF BROADWAY

put on Craig's productions, line for line, and color for color, for the very managers who had turned Craig away time after time. They were huge successes. Packing the theatres to the doors, London vindicated Craig in Reinhardt's name.

Craig, working madly in Florence to earn a living and develop his ideas at the same time, was moved to tears and laughter—and stimulated to fresh efforts. Terribly nervous and high-strung, with this proof of the ultimate success that awaited him, he got the ear of Eleonora Duse, who listened not only respectfully but delightedly. Great artist that she is, she recognized in Craig a kindred spirit, a brother in genius, and promptly engaged him to put on for her a production of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." He combed Florence for scene painters, stage carpenters, stage hands, only to find that there were none to be had. All Italian theatricals start from Naples, or Milan, and there are no men to be found familiar with the theatre outside of those cities. Again he called together his friends and they built the stuff with the help of ordinary carpenters, of paper and lathe, and painted it with quartets of brushes tied to mop handles. Two plumbers temporarily out of jobs managed the lime lights, in lieu of electricity, and, slowly, Craig, speaking through an interpreter, working under every difficulty, staged the production. It ran for three weeks in Florence—a long run, for Florence is a small city with a large, poor population. Probably every able-bodied person with the price of a seat in or near the city saw the Duse-Craig "Rosmersholm." Craig was successful at last. He was going on tour with Duse, to Milan, Nice, Marseilles—all over Europe —working as they traveled on other plays. The programme was a large one. but promised every chance of success—the most popular actress on the continent staged by the greatest imagist of the theatre!

Craig stayed behind the company a few hours, in Florence; Duse went to Pisa, where the theatre was a little smaller than the one in Florence and the scenery didn't fit very well. The stage manager told Duse; she said. "Don't bother me, do what is necessary." So, Craig arrived, and found six feet cut off the bottom of his carefully planned scenery. Ornament that should have been above the actors' heads reached to their shoulders; his carefully-got feeling of exaggerated height was gone, his huge portal an ordinary door. Furious, he rushed to Duse, and impolitely told her that she was no artist; she retorted that he was no gentleman and they parted.

Craig went back to Florence to start there his school of the theatre, his two magazines, *The Mask,* and *The Marionnette,* and to work on the production that brought him finally, so late as 1911, the success and recognition that had so long been denied him—the "White" Hamlet at the Moscow Art Theatre. At last all Europe rang with applause. He had been working on "Hamlet" since he was a boy. He had played it countless times himself. His conception of the part was a figure in black, walking through a white play to his doom, and at the end, the world, uncaring, clanging about its business again. A great success! He had become at last a big figure, but he no sooner saw the "Hamlet" produced than he went home, and made an entirely new series of designs for another production to be done some day, somewhere. The new designs are a secret, and rightly so, but we can guess that they are beautiful, imaginative, and very carefully planned, and we may be sure that though his success has been slow in coming it will also be slow in fading, for it was Gordon Craig who showed the way for all the Art Theatres that are springing up so thick not only in this country but in England—youthful theatres, breathing youth and freshness into an old profession.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

David Warfield was once associated with the Weber and Fields' Music Hall, and played comic Hebrew parts, once making his entrance in a baby-carriage, his face made-up with whiskers?

William Courtenay and William Courtleigh, both well-known actors, have summer homes at Rye, New York, and frequently receive each other's mail?

May Robson once played the part of a Chinaman, in a piece called "The Luck of Roaring Camp," founded on the story by Bret Harte, produced at the Empire Theatre, New York?

Virginia Earle, leading lady in "The Geisha," "The Circus Girl," "The Runaway Girl," and other musical comedies put on by Augustin Daly, has a sister, Maude Earle, who is now appearing in vaudeville?

William Faversham has a sound-proof room in his home in New York, where he can rest or study in peace and quiet?

Two of Nat. C. Goodwin's former wives, Maxine Elliott and Edna Goodrich, have handsome estates in England?

Joseph Herbert, once well known in musical comedy, is now in the movies?

Jefferson De Angelis, once a star in musical comedies, is now in the movies?

When Josephine Cohan died, she left a child by her husband Fred Niblo, so George M. Cohan may be called "uncle"?

Lawrance D'Orsay's real name is Dorset Lawrance?

John Drew is now a widower?

William H. Crane began his stage career in comic opera, appearing on July 13, 1863 in "The Daughter of the Regiment," at Utica, New York?

Amelia Bingham's residence on Riverside Drive, New York, is one of the most peculiarly decorated in the metropolis, having two stone flowerpots on the roof, a bust of Shakespeare over the front door, a gilded coronet over the servants' entrance, black net curtains in the windows, three life-size statues on the facade, and a brass cannon in the hallway?

George Gaul was destined by his family to be a Presbyterian minister and a school performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at Lawrenceville Prep in which he played Shylock, turned to the stage one of its most promising young actors?

Margaret Mower's classic beauty so impressed Frederick Macmonnies, the famous sculptor, that he asked her to pose for "The Spirit of Liberty" in his new memorial to George Washington called "The Battle of Princeton" which is to be set up in front of the Inn at Princeton?

Rose Coghlan, who was born at Peterborough, England, March 18, 1852, began her theatrical career at the Theatre Royal, Greenock, in 1869, as one of the Witches in "Macbeth," making her London début at the old Gaiety Theatre in 1869 in "Linda of Chamouni," her American début being in "A Happy Pair" at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in 1872?

DeWolf Hopper, who was born in New York, March 30, 1858, first appeared at Talbot Champney's, New Haven, November 4, 1878 in "Our Boys," making his New York début at Haverley's Theatre in 1879 in "Our Daughter"?

Olga Nethersole gained her first great success in Australia in 1890 as co-star with Charles Cartwright, playing in Sydney and Melbourne in "Moths," "The Idler," "The Profligate," "The Village Priest," "The Ambassador" and "A Scrap of Paper," although she had been acting in England since March, 1887, when she first appeared at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, in "Harvest"?

Marie Dressler, who was born in Cobourg, Canada, November 9, 1871, first trod the boards in 1886 as Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," later playing Katisha in "The Mikado," making her New York début in 1892 at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in "The Robber of the Rhine"?

Sam Bernard, who was born in Birmingham, England, June 3, 1863, and began his stage career at Henderson's Music Hall, Coney Island, toured the English music halls in 1885, returning to America in 1886 to appear in "The Corner Grocery" and "Lost in London," later acting with Russell Brothers, female impersonators?

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's first play, "£200 a Year," was produced at the Globe Theatre, London, October 6, 1877 by R. C. Carton, both gentlemen at that time being actors, before achieving fame and fortune as playwrights, Pinero with "The Money Spinner" and Carton with "Liberty Hall"?

Marcia Van Dresser, who has been appearing in concert this season, once played a leading rôle, that of an adventuress, at Daly's Theatre, in a melodrama called "The Great Ruby," in which Ada Rehan was the star, and Paula Edwardes was the ingenue?

Robert Hilliard first appeared as a society amateur, but began to be featured in melodramas about thirty years ago? He has since made a great deal of money, and a few years ago married the widow of a millionaire brewer.

Grace La Rue, now in vaudeville, once starred in a comic-opera called "Molly May," and before that was in the varieties as part of the team of Burke and La Rue? In an act called "The Silver Moon" she sang and danced with a couple of piccaninnies.

Alice Neilsen, the American opera-singer, who made her first success in musical comedy, notably "The Serenade," by Victor Herbert, is now the wife of a successful physician in New York?

H. B. Warner, popular leading man in the spoken drama and on the screen, is the son of the late Charles Warner, a noted actor of a former generation, who toured the world in a melodrama called "Drink," the piece being a dramatization of a novel by Zola?

Abbe

OLIVE TELL

Who will be welcomed back to Broadway as leading woman with George Arliss in "The Mollusc" and in Barrie's "A Well-Remembered Voice"

Campbell

MOLLIE KING

Not a little of the success of "Good Morning, Judge," is due to the good looks and delightful dancing of dainty Miss King

Sarony

MARION COAKLEY

The winsome leading lady of "Cappy Ricks," the new comedy, at the Morosco Theatre, in which Tom Wise and William Courtenay are the stars

Charlotte Fairchild

ADA MAE WEEKS

Whose grace and skilful dancing is a bright spot in the popular musical piece, "Listen, Lester," at the Knickerbocker

Mary Dale Clarke

HELEN MacKELLAR

As the unscrupulous wife who wrongfully sends her husband to jail and later becomes the object of his revenge in "The Unknown Purple" at the Lyric

GIRLS—IN COMEDY, DRAMA AND MUSICAL PLAYS

THE HOME OF A PLAYER

Richard Bennett of "Unknown Purple" fame collects homes like postage stamps

By ZOE BECKLEY

PERHAPS you always knew that actors had homes. I confess that I have only lately learned it. Somehow, it seemed to me that when the show was over, the actor in his neatly-fitting overcoat and smart hat, his keenly-creased trousers and perfect spats, entered a taxicab, cane over arm and cigarette in mouth and drove away. Of course, he went somewhere. But it never entered my head it could be h-o-m-e. I am therefore electrified at my own discovery that stage people have homes. The homiest sort of homes at that.

Richard Bennett, the popular star of Broadway's latest success "The Unknown Purple" has in fact quite a mania for homes. He collects them like postage stamps. Enjoys them, plays with them, rearranges them, swaps or sells them, and sometimes keeps one or two. He thinks he inherited his taste for homes from his forbears who went to considerable trouble to make one at Logansport, Indiana, back in the sixties, when acquiring a home was not merely a matter of 'phoning your agent for so-and-so-many rooms in such-and-such a neighborhood.

"It isn't *now*," Mr. Bennett breaks in to say. "Didn't I have the very deuce of a time getting this last house of mine? Wasn't I negotiating for months before I could get it in the location I wanted? And haven't we been toiling at it for six months, cleaning it out and painting it up and making it something more than a shelter and a place to sleep and eat?

A REAL home is never finished, any more than one's lifework is ever finished. A home is an art. You paint a picture and when you finish it your interest in it lapses and you begin another. I used to paint pictures. Now I fuss with homes instead."

Bennett took up homes "in a serious way" with the success of Brieux's sociological drama "Damaged Goods" six years ago. Before that he never could afford as many as he wanted. After he had defied the calamity howlers and taken "D. G." from coast to coast a time or two with triumph and acclaim, he bought "the big house" up at Park Hill, Yonkers. It was a handsome place with grounds and everything. Fine for the babies, of which there are three who look too lovely to be real and too good to be true. Only they are. Constance is fourteen and says she's no longer a baby. Barbara is three years younger. Joan is going on seven. Their mother is a charming, slender, brown-eyed person named Adrienne Morrison, (daughter of the late Lewis Morrison, a famous stage Mephistopheles) who would be a painter or a sculptor if she were not an actress.

Before the Bennett home at Park Hill was quite completely Bennettized, someone came along and insisted on buying it. Pa Bennett, seeing the end of his pottering in sight anyhow, said all right, go ahead, I've an eye on a certain place a-top the Palisades. So the family, with the baby-cabs and the doll houses and the car and the maids and the cats and the pups removed to "Gardenholm" on the Palisades, N. J., and played around there for a while.

Richard was himself again. Between tours he messed about in the flowerbeds, the vegetable patch and the green, sloping lawns. He made experiments in "flat colors" and glazes. He stained and painted and sandpapered and waxed and rubbed and had a beautiful time. He dragged his antique mahogany bed with its four fat posts into the big front room on the second floor, decided it looked better in the square back room on the first floor—and then yanked it back again. He committed orgies of antique-buying. He built playhouses for the kiddies and raised ponderosa tomatoes.

THE Unknown Purple" meanwhile had apparently become Mr. Bennett's life sentence, so he decided upon a good, comfortable house within easy reach of the Lyric Theatre yet with the grace of aristocracy and the mellowness of age. Greenwich Village, of course, whence the people of art all come prowling sooner or later, and thence, once established, they seldom prowl away!

The Bennett home is one of an old brick row on the south side of Eighth Street, No. 22 West, the one with the window boxes and the pantalette curtains, all fluted and prim. Next door somebody's studio is in process of reconstruction. Two or three houses east is Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's, painted salmon pink, with sage green door. Across Macdougal Street is one of the restaurants where the unprofessional Bohemians of a decade ago ate honest spaghetti and drank red wine, but which is now furnished up for the delectation of Harlemites who feel a delicious naughtiness in breathing the ethers of Washington Square.

The Bennett back windows give upon the famous studios of Macdougal Alley with its tap-tap-tap of sculptors' chisels and its whiffs of oils and paints. The Bennett house has the great rooms of a century ago, the broad floorboards, the little brass doorknobs on heavy mahogany doors, the embrasured windows and the ornate ceiling pieces in hand wrought plaster that are now a lost art. The place, despite its recent furnishing, manages to remind you of a day long gone, when the pace of life was slower and there was more time for the friendships and sociabilties, the nurseries and firesides and dreams and leisures that make a house a home.

THERE is a gracious room at the front of the first floor that has been changed by slate-blue paint and orange paint and deep divans and inviting chairs from an old-time "parlor" to a new-time "lounge." The spaciousness, however, has not been choked with taradiddles. Nothing in the room but has its special use, its individual beauty.

Upon the floor is the pelt of the biggest polar bear that ever basked on an ice cake. The barred grate that warmed the family of 1819 is still in place but is given a modern air by the painted mantel above it, the davenport before it, and the autumn-tinted woods scene in oils that rejoices your eye in place of a stupid mirror. A prehistoric one-handed, brass-faced grandfather clock glowers beside the entrance door. I looked for its date but it was made before they were invented.

Dignified folding doors open into the dining room, making the two harmoniously one. An ancient looking glass hung between the dining-room windows looking out back and the lounge windows looking out front are cunningly devised to give what Pa Bennett calls "rather a nice vista." The table is round and underlying its glass top is a circle of rich blue embroidery from a Chinese mandarin's robe. The serving table and low, simple sideboard, "old things we've picked up" have a hospitality all their own. Welcoming candles in antique sticks burn upon the set table, and when the cretonne draperies are pulled back from the windows a glimpse of garden shows. Actual garden, with a marble seat and flower bed.

Upstairs things grow charminger and charminger, because informaler and informaler. The big, restful living room, for instance, its walls and woodwork in the same blue tone, but made gay with panels of old English chintz, shellaced and oiled to mellowness. A blue-covered day bed in the middle of the room banked with cushions and flanked with a tableful of books and magazines tempts you to fling down and read awhile. Four obese chairs in overcoats of chintz beguile you. There is something vaguely familiar about a big, kidney-shaped desk of carved dark wood against the wall.

IT toured the country with me," explains Mr. Bennett, "in 'Damaged Goods.' These chairs —" He whisked up their overcoats and turned them unceremoniously on their backs—"have played, too. Look how worn out they are. They're just stage stuff, with impossible gilding and brocade. But they're comfortable and that's why they're here, now that they've retired from theatrical life. Now come in and have a glimpse of Mrs. Bennett's room. She's away, on tour, and the place has a neglected look, but I won't apologize. I hate apologies. If a room looks lived-in, it needs no apology."

It does look lived-in. It is the room of a woman who, despite her incidental occupation, has her heart in her home. Every piece of furniture shows Mrs. Bennett's handiwork in its decoration. More flat blue color. But in the bed, dresser, sewing table, chairs and chaise-lounge, quaint raised flowers in all their own true tints. Silken bed-cover of blue, with a row of perky pillows. Creamy net curtains with side-drapes of the blue.

A lot of books and periodicals about. A pair of rose-colored mules tossed under a chair. A young and blythe room. A sympathetic room. A woman's room; a mother's.

"I like," sums up Bennett, père, "a home full of beautiful things; but not too dressed-up to live in. I like good children but not mollycoddles. And I like a good woman with enough devil in her to make her human."

This attractive four-poster, with its bright-colored coverings, adds charm to the bedroom at Gardenholm

An exterior view of Richard Bennett's beautiful house, "Gardenholm," on the Palisades

Photos White

A delightful family group of Mr. Bennett, the popular star of "The Unknown Purple"; his wife (Adrienne Morrison) and their three little daughters—striking proof that many players enjoy the quiet of home life fully as much as they do the more hectic atmosphere of the stage

PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES: RICHARD BENNETT

APPLAUSE IN THE THEATRE

Clapping of hands an unquenchable part of an audience's enjoyment of the play

By LISLE BELL

IN the crush of world politics, we are in danger of forgetting that one of the peace problems of the theatregoer remains unsolved, and is resulting in much confusion among conscientious playgoers. That problem is: Shall we demobolize our applause, or shall we endeavor to maintain it at war strength?

Since this is one of the minor knots which is likely to escape the attention of the knot-cutters of the peace conference, it seems wise to give it immediate consideration, so that audiences will be able to cope with the situation.

If you will let your memory run back over the pre-war period, you will recall the somewhat devitalized condition of applause in the theatres of that day. We reserved judgment, except under great provocation, and kept our hands fairly idle. Tingling palms were rare at eleven o'clock. We realized, of course, that applause was a necessary bit of business, a mode of expressed encouragement to the actor. Hence we rendered the conventional and somewhat scattered patter to greet the first entrance of the hero and the heroine, and the brief acknowledgment at the close of each act. Further than that, we were content not to commit ourselves.

As for the movies in those far-off times, no one was at all solicitous of the good repute of his mental equipment indulged in clapping. Why should one grow demonstrative in the presence of celluloid? was the attitude of the majority. Youngsters were exempt from this aloof view, especially when the picture happened to be western in character, but the grown-up who waxed noisy was instantly set down among the undesirables, not very remote from the mentally defective.

BUT with the coming of the war clouds, all this changed. There seemed to be a sudden melting of the forearm muscles, and palm smote palm resoundingly. American audiences grasped the idea that one of the ways to help win the war was to speed up the production of applause. Our matinèe and night output, fed by preparedness films and fanned by propaganda plays increased amazingly. The theatregoer revealed a capacity beyond the dreams of avarice or actors; he proved himself a reservoir of claps. Instead of being conspicuous by applauding, one became conspicuous by not applauding, and the shafts of suspicion were leveled at the lukewarm.

In fact, with the great number of war plays which sprang into being, our applause production may be said to have more than kept pace with our war-time needs. Actors got into the habit of relying upon the audience at well-marked intervals. We found ourselves responding to cues with the zest and accuracy of skilled professionals, filling in the scenes with fine outbursts.

It is impossible to estimate just how much was added to the sum total of theatrical applause as the result of the war, but it seems reasonable to assume that, if it could all have been assembled into one gigantic clap, the sound would have carried from San Francisco to New York, and been distinctly audible even above the rumble of the elevated trains.

BE that as it may, and there may be persons who will hesitate to accept these statistics, the fact remains that we did nobly. And what we didn't render in the course of the plays, we poured forth during the intermissions in response to Liberty Loan and Red Cross appeals. All in all, it can be set down as a historical fact that our applausive morale never wavered.

But now that the time of conflict is over, and the war plays are beginning to fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away, we have got to face the problem of how to deal with the return of a period of comparative calm. Already, the applause is showing signs of getting back to a pre-war basis, although our recent training keeps us so alert that many a line which might have passed unchallenged before the war now receives a conspicuous reception. During the recent run of "The Gentile Wife" at the Vanderbilt Theatre in New York, for example, the line: "We are all Americans now," which has quite a necessary bearing on the scene and was not meant as a bait for the demonstrative, never failed to evoke a responsive salvo from a trained audience. Applause, you see, has traveled the road from neglect, through the optional stage, until it has become quite *de rigeur*.

It would be a pity for all this awakened energy to lapse, now that the inertia of peace is reasserting itself. Simply because we may no longer burst into deafening responses to every line with a patriotic twang to it is no reason for slipping back into apathy.

THE war has, in a manner of speaking, brought all hands on deck. We have seen people going to the theatre with their muscles fairly quivering with the anticipated thrill of thundering re-echoes of applause. We have seen gloves hopelesssly split in the ardor of sudden fistic fervor. We have felt the impact of palm on palm; we have come to realize the amazing mine of energy which the muscular manifestation implies.

Shall we—or shall we not—conserve the clappers; that is the question? Shall we divert the potential powers of well-hardened palms into some other channel, or shall we seek to maintain the present vociferous standard in our playhouses?

There is quite an interesting background of historic controversy on this issue, and perhaps we can do no better service than to present both sides, so that it will be each theatregoer's prerogative to draw his own conclusions. The problem appears to date clear back to the time of Nero, who had decided views regarding a properly enthusiastic reception for his imperial fiddling. He went so far as to rehearse five thousand of his own troops in the art of applauding him, and it is even possible that there was a death penalty clause in the contract—in case of non-delivery. With such a system as this, Nero must have papered the Coliseum in a manner to shame the utmost efforts of any New York producer with a gasping play on his hands.

Jean Daurat, the sixteenth century poet, is reputed to have distributed free tickets to those who promised to applaud the performances of his dramas. This is another practice which still lingers, and is not unknown in the vicinity of Broadway.

This idea is, of course, akin to the professional claque, a fixed feature of Parisian theatres and opera houses, and an element which makes itself evident at times in the Metropolitan Opera House.

THE claquers of the Paris theatres are carefully coached, and only applaud when they are supposed to. A claquer who so far forgets his job as to enjoy himself, and to applaud at an unstipulated moment, is liable to be discharged for breach of discipline. Apparently his sense of duty is supposed to be stronger than his sense of art.

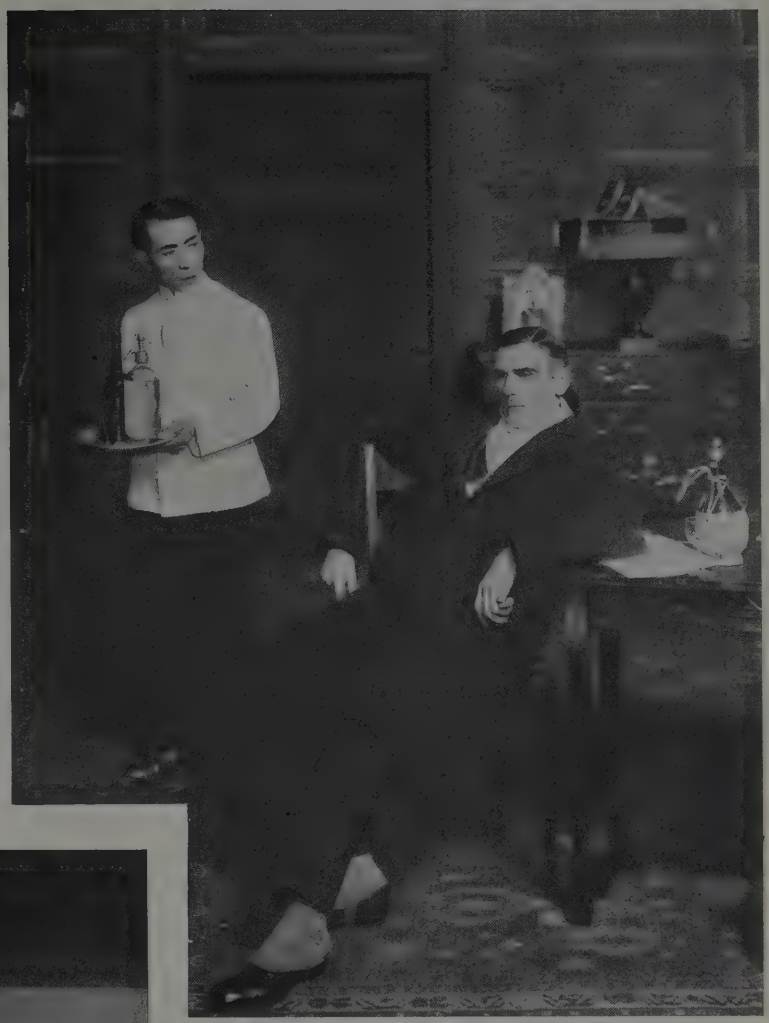
The story is told that on one occasion, when Mlle. Rachel complained of a lack of vigor in the reception of one of her performances, she received this note from the chief de claque:

"Mademoiselle: I cannot remain quiet under the reproaches which have fallen from your lips. At the first performance, I applauded thirty-three times. There were three *'acclamations,'* four *'hilarités,'* two *'tressaillements,'* four *'redoublements,'* and two *'explosions indéfinies.'* Even the stalls became angry, and cried: 'Throw them out.' My men were very uncomfortable; they informed me that they would never take such a job again. Seeing this, I asked for the manuscript; carefully studied it, and felt bound to make some alterations for the second performance, cutting out some of the applause."

Whether the actress submitted to this eminently reasonable explanation of the situation, the account does not state.

For the other side of the question, we may turn to the man who usually is on the other side of the question—George Bernard Shaw. And as might be expected, Shaw's theory is quite as sound as Nero's practice. The Irishman concedes no middle ground; he wants to put a silencer on the audience and not let them interfere at all until the curtain has fallen.

Do you really consider that a performance is improved by continual interruptions, however complimentary they may be to the actors and the author? Do you not think that the naturalness of a representation must be destroyed, and therefore, your own pleasure greatly diminished, when the audience insists in taking part in it by shouts of applause and laughter? Do you know that my plays are just the right length; that is, quite as long as you can bear, and that if you delay the performances you will make them half an hour too long?



(Right)

T. TAMAMOTO AND NORMAN TREVOR IN JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE'S COMEDY, "TOBY'S BOW," AT THE COMEDY

This charming comedy tells of the fine Southern family, the Vardemans, and their faithful negro servant, Uncle Toby. Eugenie, the daughter, has but one ambition in life—to write best sellers. To the Vardemans' home comes James Blake, a successful novelist, who does not reveal his identity. With him comes his Japanese valet, whom Toby insists is a "yallah niggar," the scene between the two servants being one of the most delightful in the play. How the novelist helps Eugenie to realize her writing ambition, and get her family out of pecuniary difficulties, how he wins her love and finally is honored by Toby's bow, completes the story

(Left)

GRACE GOODALL, E. L. FERNANDEZ AND MARJORIE RAMBEAU IN "THE FORTUNE-TELLER," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

In her new play, Marjorie Rambeau plays the rôle of a fortune-teller. In the first act we see her as the mistress of a dope-fiend and degenerate of the lowest type. To her comes her son, whom she has not seen for twenty-one years. The boy needs help and encouragement, and she resolves to give up the circus life and become worthy of him. This she does, getting rid of her old-time lover and moving into politer society

Photos White

MAKING A PRIMA DONNA

Divergent beginnings of Rosa Ponselle and Claudia Muzio — operatic favorites

By VERA BLOOM

THE world needed a new prima donna badly. Geraldine Farrar had become a legend, Galli-Curci was taken for granted long ago, and only Claudia Muzio still had any element of novelty for us. Then, from vaudeville, singing but unsung, came Rosa Ponselle—from the two-a-day to a Metropolitan début with Caruso in less than a year.

All the old milestones of the prima donna tale are missing—the discovery, as a child, of a golden voice, the years of study in Milan, the seasons in obscure Continental opera houses, the repertoire of twenty or thirty rôles, and finally, filled to High C with technique and tradition—the Metropolitan!

To begin with, Ponselle, who from the majority of conflicting stories is an American girl of Italian parents from Meriden, Connecticut, was hardly "discovered." She has a sister, Camilla, who appeared with her in vaudeville, and one day William Thorner, the Christopher Columbus of such vocal landmarks as Galli-Curci and Anna Fitziu, happened to hear the two sisters' "act."

He was impressed with Camilla's voice, but heard nothing remarkable in Rosa's, that was then running an untrammeled range of four octaves—it was soprano, mezzo, and contralto in one! When Thorner left the theatre he remembered Camilla's voice, but had forgotten the name which was then their family name, Ponsilo.

QUITE a while later a young vaudeville tenor came to him for lessons, and Thorner mentioned one day a remarkable voice he had heard, and described the two sisters. Rosa Ponselle's story was running along like a scenario, for the young tenor, of course, had to live in the same boarding house! Soon, Camilla began studying with Thorner, but he couldn't see any possibilities at all in Rosa's voice.

Finally, when there was nothing to stop her persistent pleading but some lessons, he began teaching her simply to have peace around the studio. Within a fortnight, her magnificent, rambling voice had settled, like ball-bearings, into the grooves where it belonged, and Thorner realized at last that he had the find of a century.

Five months later, her voice under control, but with considerably less than no operatic knowledge, Rosa Ponselle sang for Gatti-Casazza, and, still like a well-regulated heroine, was put under contract at once. Then she went home and opened an operatic score for the first time in her life!

That was about six months ago. The first the public heard of her was when her name was announced beside Caruso's to appear as Leonora in Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," during the second week of the season.

Rosa Ponselle made her first appearance on an operatic stage with a poise and confidence born of vaudeville, a glorious voice too strong and firm for nervousness to shake, and not acting but living her part, which convinced the critics that she was as natural an actress as a singer. There were none of those page histories for her début that heralded Galli-Curci's. But the audience acclaimed her first, and then went to find out who she was.

Leonora was the only rôle she was really prepared to sing. Now, between performances, she is learning how to be a prima donna, with the whole Metropolitan staff helping to make her an artist worthy of her voice. The situation is delicious—a leading soprano learning the rudiments of her art!

OF course, she is the girl of the hour behind the scenes at the opera. But she is taking her sudden fame with no prima donna airs. She is extremely tall and dark, not exactly beautiful, but with a happy, natural personality that draws people to her, and she takes her success as if it were a super-Christmas present with which she can be delighted, but not proud.

So far, New York has heard her in only two operas. Not being trammeled with rules and dictums, she learns, as someone described it, "like a streak." The stage director need only go through the "business" once, Ponselle follows him to the last detail, tries again with her own suggestions, and there you are.

Nothing quite like it has ever happened before, and probably never will, except when sister Camilla joins her at the Metropolitan, sometime during the season, as a mezzo-soprano. The Ponselles will be the twentieth century De Reskes.

All the untutored singers throughout the country will think that Ponselle's career has opened a new highway to the Metropolitan. But Claudia Muzio didn't cut across fields and land in front of the prompter's box at Fortieth Street and Broadway from a parachute. She was born in the atmosphere of singers and singing, and at rehearsal she could share that prompter's box with her father, and watch her mother singing in the opera chorus.

Almost before she could speak she knew the opera airs, and operatic tradition was part of her life. So were the years of study in Italy, and the final engagement, completely prepared and ready. Her story was the romance of the everyday—the pride of her father and mother at seeing her hold the stage alone where they had been parts of a great whole, and the public's pleasure in seeing an opera child come into her own.

PONSELLE'S problem now is to gain experience before one of the most critical audiences in the world—but that alone is a novelty, and New York is sure to be patient and grateful for it.

But Muzio must improve upon herself as a serious artist, and a serious artist expects her audience to be judging and cold, no matter how warmly it likes her.

But neither Ponselle or Muzio are real examples for the opera-struck to follow. Their experiences are as different as two careers can be, and both are unique. But all the little sopranos throughout the country hang on every word of a prima donna's story, and see how much of it can be twisted around to make their own hopeful.

If a new singer has had a road of utter drudgery, every singing student buckles down to work. If the next successful prima donna has had an effortless life, her would-be rivals try taking things easily.

But Ponselle's career is almost beyond her control. She has a miracle-voice. And it is said that she can sing florid coloratura as well as dramatic rôles. If so, she will be the ideal soprano we have been deprived of so long, for she will be able to run the whole gamut of operatic heroines.

No doubt, next summer will be one of the busiest times of her life. She will have to prepare to accept some of the concert offers that are crowding in on her, and that she is simply unable to fill, because she still knows nothing of concert work. So she will have to learn to sing a song, besides working up a large enough repertoire to carry her through the next opera season.

Muzio, on the other hand, will be able to take her first respite in years and go back to Italy for a rest. There are no rests on Ponselle's horizon for a long time to come, if she expects to justify her success. Ponselle hasn't been able to make the most of her triumph simply because she hasn't enough rôles to go round, so while Muzio is resting on her laurels during the summer, Ponselle will be out gathering laurel-leaves from the opera scores.

SHE has proved at a few Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan this winter that she will be a drawing card as a singer of songs, even though a few Verdi arias were the principal part of her recital repertoire.

So just as she has learned to be spontaneous on the opera stage she must learn to be reserved on the concert-platform.

A Rosa Ponselle story on the dramatic stage would be almost impossible, and an inexperienced star is nearly always taken as a joke. Even a great natural actress needs years of experience to appear at ease.

But Ponselle had her voice, and the very power of it swept her along to success, for operatic acting can be pretty sketchy and unfinished and still create sufficient illusion.

Besides, she had Caruso, generous and friendly, to help her at her début. There are plenty of stories about diabolic tenors who whispered in a débutante's ear all through a love duet that she was hopelessly off pitch, or who held her so that she couldn't breathe! But Caruso is supreme enough to be beyond jealousy, and helped her throughout the evening.

To watch Ponselle and Muzio during the next few years will be the favorite occupation of Metropolitanites, who will want to see if a lifetime of preparedness counts most, after all, or if a heaven-sent voice makes up for any handicaps. What makes a prima donna is still an open question.

White

These clever kiddies, who are undoubtedly the biggest hit in "The Royal Vagabond," actually stopped the show on the first night. They are all trained by George M. Cohan himself

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FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR., AND IRVING BERLIN

The well-known theatrical producer and the famous songwriter return from a fishing trip with their morning's catch at Palm Beach

Velasquez

SINCLAIR LEWIS

The author of "Hobohemia," at the Greenwich Village Theatre, also writes best sellers, serial stories, and moving picture scenarios

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MRS. CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM

The wife of the New York producer brought to Palm Beach from the North a bathing house on wheels, and here she is in her portable bath house

ACTUALITIES OF THE STAGE

THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences

PLAYING LEAR UNDER THE STARS

By Robert B. Mantell

© Strauss-Peyton
ROBERT B. MANTELL

STRIKING adventures have been so much the habit of my life that it is difficult to find the one to be designated by the superlative. On my second voyage to America as a youth, I happened to be on the forward deck of an ocean liner when she smashed into a revenue cutter, sinking the little vessel before my eyes, and drowning more than a score of struggling, frantic men. On the night of my début with Fanny Davenport in "Fedora," I felt the first great thrill of a personal success. Many years later, after a return to New York from a long exile, itself filled with exciting adventure, I again experienced, in "Richard III," the thrill of a whirlwind popular hit.

But perhaps the most solemnly grand experience of my life was experienced one night last May, when, in an Attic grove, under the California stars, I played "King Lear" in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. Shakespeare, who in this drama outclassed the Greek masters themselves in their own province of sublimity, created in Lear a character almost impossible to portray, because of his tremendous passions and emotions. Every time I play Lear, there enters into me a spirit of solemnity that I feel in the presence of no other rôle. On this particular night in the Greek Theatre I felt for the first time in my whole career in the part that the surroundings harmonized with my feelings. It was a great and memorable night, and as I glance back over the years, it perhaps stands out as the most impressive of my many experiences.

MY DEBUT IN TIGHTS

By Kate Condon

KATE CONDON

THOUGH I've just come home from Europe after singing five months in the American camps for the Over There Theatre League, where I had experiences and experiences, the one "most striking episode of my career" has nothing to do with war work. I had scarcely landed this season when I met William Wade Hinshaw, the President of the Society of American Singers, who asked me to sing in his "Robin Hood" at the Park Theatre, but only after he had maliciously recalled to me that one "striking" episode with a "Do you remember—?" and ended his sentence with, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" Of course, I remembered, without further details than his laughter—and now I can laugh, too!

But it was a serious matter then! The whole of my career rested on that moment, for it was the night of my stage début. I was a pupil of Marescalchi, who was the teacher of Adelina Patti; and William Wade Hinshaw, the baritone, was also a pupil of Marescalchi. With that bond of interest between us, it happened that both Mr. Hinshaw and I were to make our début on the same evening in a production of "Faust," he as Mephistopheles and I as Sybil. I knew the rôle, and I was most eager to sing it—until I reached my dressing room and saw the costume! There were, of course, tights!—and tights had not entered into my calculations. The wardrobe mistress was in despair. I wept, I vowed I would not go on, and I was absolutely panic struck. Finally she persuaded me to get into them. They looked worse on than off—vivid green tights! Finally she called upon Mephistopheles, who was also making his début in tights, to persuade me that I looked perfectly all right. Mr. Hinshaw looked me over sympathetically and gave his verdict. Then they hustled me into the wings. "Remember that you're a boy!" said Mr. Hinshaw. But the thought of all those people out there in the theatre paralyzed me. My cue came. I was blind and deaf and dumb. I couldn't move. I knew what my family would think of those tights. I realized that my operatic career was over before it had begun.

"Thump!" Mephistopheles, standing behind me, struck out from the shoulder, and I shot into the center of the stage, green tights and all!

From that moment the music caught me. I was Sybil, and every other thought went from my mind, and I sang, and sang, and sang, and I've been singing ever since, thanks to Mr. Hinshaw and that most "striking" episode!

THE ALARM CLOCK

By William Kent

WILLIAM KENT

WHEN I was a boy, and that wasn't so long ago, either, I was bathing one day in the old swimmin' hole outside of my own St. Paul. I stepped beyond my depth, and then it happened. I couldn't swim, and despite my lusty cries, none of the older boys in the distance heard me. I went down a second time and all my boyhood sins loomed up before me. Oh, if I could only apologize now to Old Gimpty the shoemaker for the times I taunted him. How I repented for the tricks I played on Sister Susie. I wouldn't steal any more of my mother's cake, and "Oh, please, God!" I prayed, "give me one more chance and I won't cheat at marbles again!" But apparently in vain, for I was sinking the third and last time. One more faint cry of "Help!" I gave myself up as gone, and—just then the alarm clock went off, and I woke up!

WHEN BELASCO SLAPPED ME

By Jane Cowl

Genthe
JANE COWL

IT happened on the first night of "Is Matrimony a Failure?" in the leading rôle of which Mr. Belasco gave me my first big opportunity in New York. I had played only small parts before that, and try as I would, I could not share Mr. Belasco's optimism. First nights have always been most trying on my nerves, and as this one approached I became absolutely panicky. I had chills and fever before the first curtain rose. On my first entrance the business of the play required me to put on a large picture hat. In my nervousness I ran the hat pin through some lace on my sleeve, in such a way that I could not disengage it and was unable to take my arm down at all.

In that awkward posture I played through the first scene and retired to my dressing room in a state of mind that may easily be imagined. The thought of what I had done—how ludicrous I must have been to those out front, grew on me and my state of mind was not improved when, during the second act, a rip in the floor-cloth caused me to stumble as I was making a hurried exit up a flight of stairs. When the second curtain fell, I felt as though the world—my world—had come to an end.

There was still another act to come, but I went to my dressing room and sent word to Mr. Belasco that I was through, that I was not going to play another act, but was going home instead. The stage manager and Mr. Belasco's personal representative argued with me, but it was of no avail. I was hysterical by this time. I had started to take my make-up off when Mr. Belasco himself arrived on the scene. He reasoned with me, told me what it would mean to everybody if I persisted in doing as I had determined—he was as gentle and sweet and kind as it was possible for a human being to be—it made no difference to me. At last he said:

"Do you realize it will ruin the play if you do this? Do you realize it?"

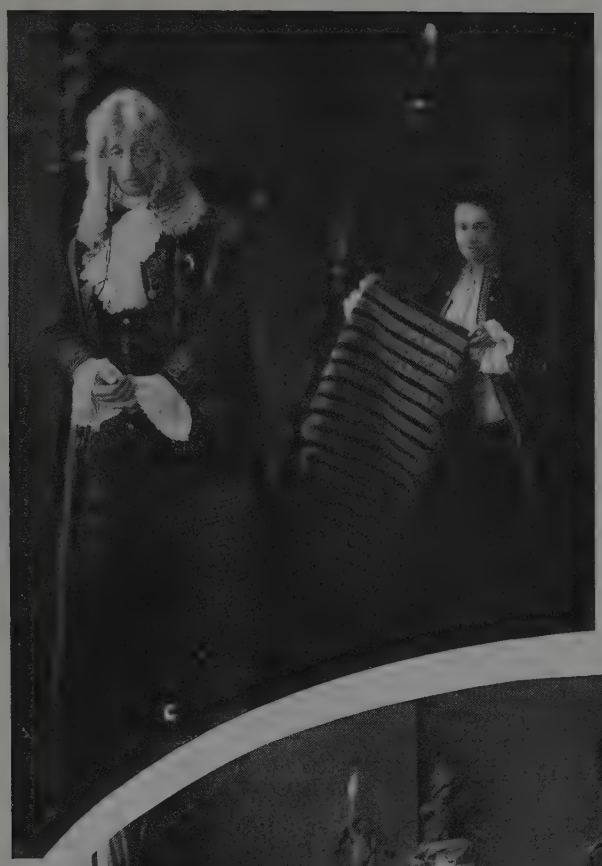
I said I did, but it was all over. Nothing mattered and I was going home.

At this point Mr. Belasco ceased to be gentle. He was an idealist no longer, but the stern realist. I was to him merely a very naughty child and deserved a good slapping. Well, that is what I got, and the shock was apparently just what I needed. It was the first time anybody had ever done such a thing to me, and my hysterical mood gave way to one of rage. I said nothing more about going home, but as quickly as possible changed to my third-act costume and made my entrance as required.

I have no idea whether I played well or badly, but Mr. Belasco was evidently satisfied, because he came around at the end of the play and presented me with a handful of quarters, which is one of his realistic ways of showing appreciation.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE



Paul Burnand as Lord Chancellor, and Miss Mae Doling, his page, in the Regina Amateur Society's recent production of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Iolanthe"

An interesting group of Regina players with J. Paxton as Private Willis, Dr. M. R. Parkin as Lord Mount Ararat, Donald Fraser as Lord Tolloller, Ivan C. R. Edwards as Strephon, Miss Florence Anderson as the Fairy Queen, Miss Doris E. Kinread as "Iolanthe"

IN the development and upbuilding of a city or town, something more is necessary than the mere establishment of industries and business, the furnishing of churches, schools and homes for the people. That "something" is the development of what might be termed a civic *esprit de corps*, a strong community spirit, a sense of oneness in citizenship, and a pride in your own city or town, and its institutions.

THE community spirit, in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, seems to have been developed to a remarkable degree, if we are to judge by the results which the Regina Amateur Society have achieved in their recent splendid production of "Iolanthe." They give two plays each year —one before Christmas and one a few months later; their association and work together develops friendships of value and the training they receive through the painstaking work of their musical conductor, Prof. W. Moncrieff Mawer, is a decided asset, to say nothing of the financial results, flowing from their efforts, which

(*Concluded on page* 240)

As jolly a group of peers as ever tripped the boards, are these three lords from "Iolanthe," with Dr. M. R. Parkin, Paul Burnaud and Donald Fraser, in the parts of Lord Mount Ararat, Lord Chancellor and Lord Tolloller, respectively

Scene from "Pierrot Home from the Wars," given at Carnegie Institute of Technology under the direction of the author—Thomas Wood Stevens, with Hazel Beck as "Pierrette" and Howard Claney as "Pierrot"

"PIERROT HOME FROM THE WARS"

By

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

The prologue, "Pierrot Home from the Wars," was given at Tech in a very simple, shallow set, as becomes a prologue which must instantly give way to the plays themselves. The lights low, and the fire illuminating the room rather less than the illustration indicates, gave a continuous pattern of shadows on the gray wall. The costumes were the traditional ones. The furniture was simple and placed in obvious balance, the only notes of color being the faded roses in the Chinese flask, and the jade green color of the table and chairs. The effect of the little piece depends upon the adroit speaking of the lines, and on the attainment of a naively mysterious atmosphere. *Thomas Wood Stevens*

N. B.: Mr. Stevens grants permission to amateurs to produce this prologue without the payment of royalty

PIERRETTE, cloaked and hooded and disguised, crouches over a meager fire. There is a knock. She moves eagerly, as if to go to the door; a sadder second thought strikes her, and she turns back wearily. Then at the door is heard a beseeching, scratching sound. She does not stir. The door opens. She half rises and looks fixedly at the man—a soldier in a great coat—who comes in. Disappointed, she crouches again by the fire.

THE SOLDIER: Howdy?

PIERRETTE: Kick the snow off outside.

THE SOLDIER: I knocked on your door.

PIERRETTE: I heard you.

THE SOLDIER: I scratched on the door.

PIERRETTE: I thought it was a rat in the wall.

THE SOLDIER: Devil take it, I wanted to come in!

PIERRETTE: Well—you came in.

THE SOLDIER: You're not the one I was looking to find here.

PIERRETTE: You're not the one I was waiting for.

THE SOLDIER: I don't suppose you'd know where she went....No. Well—it seems too long ago. Of course, it's too long ago

PIERRETTE: I don't suppose you've seen him over there?....No, of course—there were so many.

THE SOLDIER: Oh, you had a boy over?

PIERRETTE: Yes.

THE SOLDIER: I don't suppose its the least use, but if you'll tell me what outfit your son was with -

PIERRETTE: Not my son.

THE SOLDIER: Oh—he wasn't your son?

PIERRETTE: Not precisely. You said—"a boy"—

THE SOLDIER: You hardly seemed young enough -

PIERRETTE: One doesn't grow younger—waiting and saving

THE SOLDIER: No, I suppose not....You might ask me to sit down.

PIERRETTE: Oh, I'm sorry. Sit down.

THE SOLDIER: That's better. Heroes should be sung about when they fight, wept for when they die, and asked to sit by the fire when they unluckily come home safe.

PIERRETTE: Your voice sounded somewhat familiar to me then.

THE SOLDIER: Not unlikely. You may have heard me sometime. Just now, the Atlantic has rasped me to a croak.

PIERRETTE: Rasped you to a croak? That's an odd way—

THE SOLDIER: I'm used to saying things odd ways.

PIERRETTE: What are you?

THE SOLDIER: I'm a soldier, madam—a soldier of freedom and brotherhood. But....

PIERRETTE: Yes, I know. But what were you before?

THE SOLDIER: I was an artist, madam. I am still an artist, inside.

PIERRETTE: You painted?

THE SOLDIER: No more than my art required. I am a dramatic artist, and I belong to a truly distinguished company—though they're all scattered now.

PIERRETTE: My boy was an artist, too. But now.... war does such strange things to men's hearts....I don't know. I'm not sure.

THE SOLDIER: Take it from me, madam. If he was really an artist, not even war will change him.

PIERRETTE: Then you think he'll come back?

THE SOLDIER: Not a doubt of it.

PIERRETTE: It's not only coming. It's

THE SOLDIER: I see. You doubtless have grown older somewhat older.

PIERRETTE: Doubtless....You said you belonged to a distinguished company?

THE SOLDIER: Yes—an old and a famous troupe.

PIERRETTE: You're not very old.

THE SOLDIER: I'm older than you think, but I shall never seem older than I do now. Never. That's my art.

"Youth's at the heart of me—"

You may have heard the song—it's one of mine.

PIERRETTE (Almost sure it is Pierrot): No; I've never heard it. How does it go?

THE SOLDIER: I can't sing it now. The Atlantic—I told you. It's

"Youth's at the heart of me,
Spring's all the year;
Flame of the stars in me—
Love, never fear—"

But perhaps you remember it?

PIERRETTE (Remembering it well): No. I can't recall it.

THE SOLDIER: If you'd once heard me sing it, I'm sure you'd remember it.

PIERRETTE: You're not shy, are you?

THE SOLDIER: Shy?

PIERRETTE: Modest, retiring—you know what I mean. No more reserved than you used—than your sort commonly are.

THE SOLDIER: Modest, shy—reserved? God bless me, I hope not. I'm youth and love and joy—I'm Pierrot.

(*He throws off his great coat and discloses himself.*)

I've been back from France.

(*Pierrette, with a struggle, resists the impulse to unmask also.*)

PIERRETTE: Dear me! I think I've heard of you. It's an odd suit you're wearing. You've not deserted?—

PIERROT (sternly): Madam!

PIERRETTE: No offense....

PIERROT: We've done our bit.

PIERRETTE: We?

PIERROT: All our company.

PIERRETTE: I'm glad to hear that. And what now?

PIERROT: We're scattered, but we all have plans for the future. Harlequin—you wouldn't remember him, but he's really quite clever—Harlequin is for the lighter things these days. Says, now the wars are won, people will want champagne frothing through the limelight. Scaramouche is for plays of the trenches—spies and combats and charges, and the duck-boards slimy with blood. Then there's the Doctor—we called him the Doctor, he was so solemn. He was never really serious before, but now he's for making plays to show the world what victories are for, and what wars are about, and how to make the best of the new day....I don't know—I don't know—

PIERRETTE: And you?

PIERROT: I'm lost. I can't work. You see, I was always the lover—Pierrot. And if I can't find my old partner—

PIERRETTE: Couldn't you find a new partner?

PIERROT: I shouldn't care to do that. You see, my partner was not only a great artist. She was—

PIERRETTE: And if you found her?

PIERROT: I shouldn't ask anything more of *le bon Dieu*.

PIERRETTE: But if you found her changed?

PIERROT: It wouldn't matter. The truth is I've

(*Continued on page 240*)

Scene from "A Constant Lover," with an unusual and artistic sylvan setting and drop that would do credit to a Belasco production, with Alexander Buchanan as "Cecil Harburton" and Ruth Farmer as "Evelyn." The setting is by J. Woodman Thompson

Thomas Wood Stevens, head of Dramatic Arts Department, Carnegie Institute of Technology

DRAMATIC ARTS AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

THE theatre of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, re-opened its doors on January 23d with a special prologue, "Pierrot Home from the Wars," followed by a bill of one-act plays. The college was in the service of the War Department during the autumn, and the only work possible to the dramatic faculty was the training of soldier talent directors for overseas work—a task which proceeded with merriment and abandon, but which did little to carry on the tradition of the place as a training school for the art of the theatre.

WITH the new bill, the new season was inaugurated, and ever since the re-opening, the happiest event of the day has been the frequent return of the actors, one by one, from camp and ship and duty overseas. The losses of the Carnegie Tech Theatre in the service have been few, but deeply to be regretted. Francis F. Hogan and Richard Mansfield 2d—poets both, as well as promising in their apprenticeship as actors. At this writing—the middle of February—more than half of last season's personnel is at work; the second programme, Mr. B. Iden Payne's production of "The Rivals," is ready; and several other plays are in rehearsal.

The clever stage set used in "A Florentine Tragedy," extremely simple as to detail, and yet with all the atmosphere of a more ambitious production. Produced under the direction of B. Iden Payne, with Edna Lewis Willey as "Bianca," James S. Church as "Guido" and Theodore Viehman as "Simone"

TYPES—

MISS MOLLIE KING
BLONDE IRISH

By
ANNE ARCHBALD

Photos Ira L. Hill

MISS MOLLIE KING, blonde Irish! A devastating combination! It's quite enough to be a blonde and a beauty, without having Irish ancestry added to it. If you'd like further details of Miss King's appearance, know that she has a pink-and-white skin, gray-hazel eyes, with every bit of the Irish "come-hither" in them, and very yellow curls, with—as her youthful lover in "Good-Morning, Judge," expresses it—"the loveliest little twiddely-bits behind the ears." As leading lady in "Good-Morning, Judge," the extremely entertaining English musical comedy at the Shubert Theatre, Miss King gains laurels for herself with the personality of her dancing and singing, and then adds further to them by going from there midnightly to the Century Roof, where she runs away with the show.

Lavender is one of Miss King's favorite colors; she likes it even for her linaërie—for slips, edged top and bottom with lace; for negligées, with no trimming save simple lines of hemstitching and a Lady Fair ribbon of lavender and blue satin; for boudoir caps edged with swansdown, and for slippers

Lavender again plays its part in this chiffon frock that Miss King wears in "Good-Morning, Judge." In fact, the shade, or shades, of lavender make the frock, for there is no trimming. The lavender is darker on the bodice, shading gradually down to the palest tone at the bottom of the skirt; light on the top of the sleeves, and dark again on the deep flowing hems attached. For a contrast, the quaint leghorn hat, with its wide entre-deux of shirred white net, has a long French blue velvet streamer that winds about the neck

Photos Ira L. Hill

You must be a very slender lady indeed to attempt this type of evening gown, with its sequined surface that winds tightly about the figure, and is unrelieved, save for a corsage bouquet of Miss King's favorite lavender in a bunch of velvet orchids. In order that walking may be easy, the skirt is made with a slit up the back, which is filled in with a deep pleated lace ruffle. Slippers, openwork stockings and hat are all black, a background which makes a striking contrast for Miss King's white skin and yellow hair

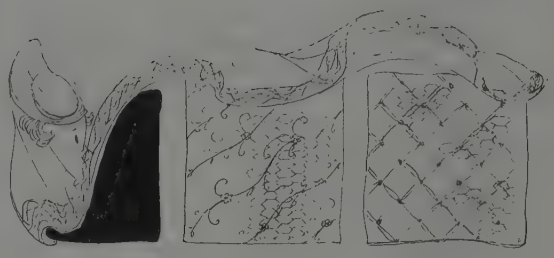
Here Miss King deserts her favorite lavender for an unusual and charming color scheme. A lace blouse is dropped over an accordion-pleated chiffon skirt, both dyed a shade on the tone of green gold. Then the blouse is piped, neck, bottom of sleeves and peplum, with orange, and girdled with a bright King blue sash, which color also faces the leghorn hat. Note particularly the pumps which Miss King is wearing, which are made of that lovely soft F. B. & C. white washable glazed kid, and are called the "Clarendon Colonial," a design exclusive with Stern Brothers

SOME THINGS I LIKE

By

ANGELINA

IF there's one thing I do like to see it's immaculate gloves and stockings and veils, especially the latter. They should always be the freshest of the fresh, not a breath on them. I suppose in the case of stockings and gloves that's rather obvious. Not so much so, though, in the case of the veil. Women who would never wear a glove or a stocking that was even slightly tarnished will go around with veils that are discolored and greasy, that have stretched and got out of shape, giving wrong, unbecoming shadows to the face, those veils, in other words, that are "dead."



Three of the new Spring veilings—Van Raalte veilings—in which hexagonal mesh is used as a background—because the Van Raalte designers, after long working on the problem of squeezing the utmost becomingness out of a veil's mesh have decided on the hexagonal for value received—and the design is obtained either by a border added to the plain mesh, by a flowery scroll across it, or by emphasizing certain threads more heavily, so that they form a pattern

THE life of even the very strongest and best veil is short, coming in contact with the skin as it constantly does, and once its crispness is gone, its beauty and becomingness go with it. A veil needs constant renewing. I don't think many women realize this. But, personally, I'd rather have several lengths of an inexpensive mesh and discard each the minute it lacked the least freshness, than the most beautifully expensive one that had to be kept a long time to pay for its initial outlay. Only the "made" veils that aren't stretched and that float away from the face can afford that. There it is worth while to put a bit of money in, since the "made" veil will last and since it is impossible to get a charming one that is worth the trouble of wearing without spending a certain amount on it.

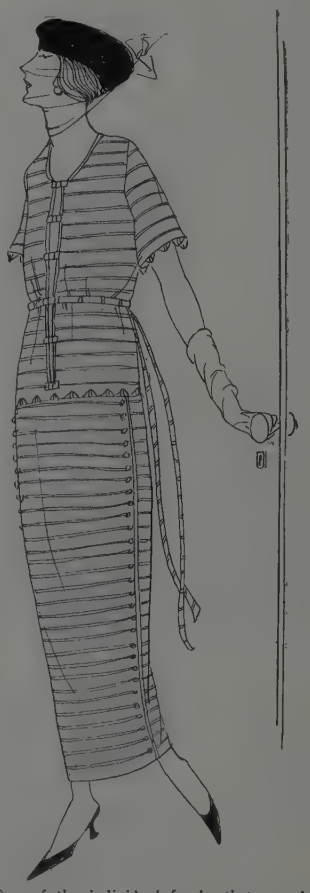
I SAW such a wonderful "made" veil—among others of the new spring veilings—at the big Van Raalte House last week. Just by the way, I presume you know that Van Raalte veils, like other things that are Van Raalte, stand quite in a class by themselves. Over and over again I've found that if I particularly like a piece of veiling that I've bought or seen on someone else it almost invariably turns out to be a Van Raalte. To return to the "made veil" . . . it was a large square in shape, intended to go plumb over the top of a hat and fall in four points, the middle in a fine hexagon mesh and the wide border in a pattern resembling some of those seen in the real Valenciennes laces: lastly it was in the loveliest shade of deep terra-cotta. Dropped over the top of one of those exclusive little rough-strawed terra-cotta hats wreathed with a terra-cotta ostrich plume, it would be all that there is of greatest enchantment in a veil. It would be almost as much so in blue—the veil comes in dark blue and black as well as terra-cotta—over a blue or black straw, ditto. Another lovely "made" veil was called the "Bopeep," with a *point de Paris* background, against which ran a shadow lace border with a flower scroll just above. In taupe this veil is like a light smoke or mist about the face, and immensely flattering.

HAVING worked and experimented on meshes for their becomingness during many years, the Van Raalte designers have come to the conclusion that so far there is nothing that quite equals the hexagonal mesh. So almost all their veilings have this as a background, coarse or fine, with the different patterns worked out by emphasizing certain threads more heavily than others. The "Twinkle" is of this ilk, simple, dainty, a wide hexagonal design with tiny chenille dots twinkling throughout: the "Glorianna" also, alluring, provocative: and "Bedette," another immensely becoming, with flowering scroll designs on a fine hexagonal mesh background. Look for them all on the counters. They are the latest and smartest spring designs.

ANOTHER something I like is that big shop of Balch, Price & Co. in Brooklyn. Sometimes with a mind swayed by current superstition one thinks of Brooklyn as being remote. It really isn't. One's car or the subway takes you there in a jiffy. And the Balch, Price atmosphere would be worth going even further to obtain. Some people take a trip across the ocean to get that atmosphere. Balch, Price is much like a London establishment in its spaciousness, its calm and quiet, which give one a chance to see and select at leisure, unhurried and undistracted, in its very, very, nice people who attend upon one.

There are most individual things to be had there, furs and frocks, blouses and wraps that are *different*. And a very interesting department has just been added, that for *Robes d'Intérieur*, under the charge of a clever designer, a Frenchman, who has the genius of his race for wielding materials, and weaving lovely color schemes together. He is particularly facile in the matter of sleeves for his *robes*. I never knew there could be so many ways of having them—or *not* having them.

A robe d'intérieur from the new department for intimate house things that has just been added to that interesting store of Balch, Price & Company, in Brooklyn—a henna-colored tunic embroidered with a kind of glorified spider's web in gold thread and tasseled in gold, hung over a lemon-colored chiffon underslip



One of the individual frocks that may be discovered at Balch, Price's, and which though designed in America, a French couturier might not hesitate to claim; blue taffeta, striped with a fine red satin line, the neck, slender vest, and pipings down the side seams of the skirt, in the palest dove-grey satin

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SOME THINGS I LIKE

(Continued from page 234)

When we shortly begin crossing the Atlantic in aeroplanes, every man Jack of us (I mean women, too), will need these government authorized, electrically heated, aviation suits with which to keep warm on deck in the twenty-thousand-foot altitudes we must undergo

STILL another thing I liked and was so much interested in is the electrically heated aviator costume that was brought to my notice recently, a photograph of which I am able to show you.

You've probably heard—but did you really realize?—that even on the hottest summer day, the aviator up in his aeroplane, twenty thousand feet in the air, encounters winter temperatures which may vary from freezing to fifteen degrees below zero. So that even the Eskimo-like garments originally provided for him fail to keep him warm, besides being so bulky as to hamper him in the manipulating of his machine. Added to this is the constant cold breeze created by the motion of the machine through the air.

TAKING the well-known electric heating pad as an inspiration, the Schuylkill Mills, the makers of the "Vanity Fair" glove silk undergarments, in co-operation with the Edison Electric Appliance Co. of Chicago, have worked out a most ingenious method for keeping the aviator at a proper workable temperature. To do this it was found that it was necessary to apply heat only at the extremities of the body: so a helmet lining, moccasins and gloves—all of double layers of "Vanity Fair" glove silk—were made, with a flat braid of fine wires laid between them to carry electric current. This braid is connected with a main wiring inside the body garment—a heavy fur-lined jacket—and this, in turn, with a little electric generator, with which every aeroplane is provided, which is propelled by the force of the air when the machine is in motion.

A close-up of the helmet part of the aviation suit, made of double layers of "Vanity Fair" glove silk, in between which is a flat braid of fine wires, distributing the warming electric current over the forehead, cheek, chin, and back of neck

And a close-up of the glove, as well. Its construction is similar to the helmet's—double layers of "Vanity Fair" glove silk, with the flexible heating element inserted between them. Over these gloves are worn standard leather gauntlets

THE aviator attires himself in his jacket, puts on his "Vanity Fair" moccasins, his helmet, his gloves, over which go heavy shoes, another helmet and regulation heavy leather gauntlets, and climbs into his machine. When he is up at the altitude where he begins to feel the cold he turns on a switch that connects the current of the little electric generator with the wire braiding and is immediately warmed and kept warm with an evenly distributed heat. It is all as simple as turning on the switch of one's electric light.

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Tailor-made 2651. Coat of fine French serge, lined with pussy willow. Two plaits ending in arrow heads indicate the pocket openings.

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Tailor-made 5205. Suit of fine French serge, lined with peau de cygne. Black silk braid binds the collar, the front opening.

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Tailor-made 2660. Coat on tan silvertone lined with pussy willow silk. Three folds ending in squares of silk stitching indicate the pocket opening.

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DID you know that we have Ponce de Leon's "Fountain of Youth" right here in New York City? I learned about it a month or two ago and have been taking deep draughts from it ever since.

"The Fountain of Youth" is embodied in a series of wonderful beauty treatments, which are like no other beauty treatments I have ever encountered. At the end of a strenuous week of late-and-earlies I may look as tired and old, as green and yellow as I please, with lines in my face and dark shadows under my eyes, and all I have to do is to go to my weekly treatment, and at the end of an hour I emerge refreshed, rejuvenated, the lines in my face smoothed out, my eyes bright, and my skin rosy.

AND what makes these treatments so different from others? Results, first of all, of course. Results that not only are immediately noticeable, but that are lasting as well. For the treatments are based on scientific principles, especially on a principle that is nowhere else that I know of so fully recognized—and that is that complexions differ just as much as the personalities of their owners, and that consequently each requires different treatment. At my Ponce de Leon establishment there are treatments for greasy skins, and treatments for dry skins, treatments for relaxed and sagging muscles, treatments for young, and for old, a special treatment for acne, that misery of the young, that deserves a whole chapter to itself. Remarkable preparations are used for the treatments with an individual method of applying them, worked out after many years' study by the clever brain of one woman, who is the originator of it all.

LET me give you a brief outline of a treatment, say for the average skin, not too young and not too old, but of which its possessor wishes to make the very most possible.

First comes the cleansing of the skin, of course, with one preparation if it is dry and another if it is greasy, special movements being used in the application so that the skin is in no way pulled. Massage, in the accepted sense of the word, is not approved of, these careful manipulations and much patting being substituted. The cleansing is followed by a unique astringent that brings all the blood to the face and produces a fine color in even the palest and most sallow skin. Next two astringent balms in succession are *patted* well into the skin, especially around the eyes and mouth and chin, to smooth out any stray wrinkles, a warm compress of the second astringent being applied and left on for about twenty minutes.

AFTER this there is a "working-in" of another cream by the movements mentioned above, succeeded by an electric vibration all over the face and neck, which includes vibration with special wonderful little instruments for ironing out wrinkles round the eyes and improving the shape of the nose. Lastly, with all grease cleansed off, a most soothing treatment for the eyes with a special lotion finishes the procedure, removing any last lingering puffiness or shadows there may be and helping to brighten them. For a very final tid-bit the charming young person administering the treatment—all the attendants are young women specially trained for this work abroad—will touch you up ever so skilfully with powder and a bit of rouge, showing you just how and where they should be applied to your face to give the utmost look of naturalness.

(If you will write "The Vanity Box," care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York, the name and address of the establishment giving these beauty treatments will be sent you. There are branches of the establishment in Chicago, San Francisco, Atlantic City, and New Orleans. Also preparations and instructions with them for home treatment.)*

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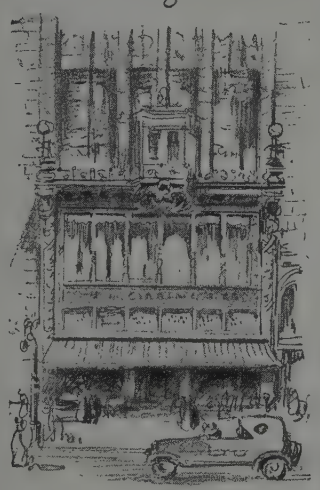

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Scene from "The Parting," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, given at Carnegie Institute of Technology, with James S. Church as "Max" and Alma Lotz as "Gabrielle"

DRAMATIC ARTS AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

(*Continued from page* 231)

In the first bill of the new season, the most serious feature was Mr. Payne's production of Wilde's "A Florentine Tragedy"—working out its deliberate and richly phrased triangle in a dim tapestried room. The play is familiar to readers, but not often seen in the theatre. The novelties included the melodrama, "The Parting," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, and Clarence Stratton's Art League prize farce, "Ruby Red." Lieutenant Goodman's play, in production, gave further evidence of his remarkable talent for the one-act play—a talent which has for sometime been clear to all who have watched the growth of American interest in the one-act form. Lieutenant Goodman's death in the service last November was a real loss to the theatre. The deft construction and terse, spontaneous, dialogue of his short plays promised much that must now remain unfulfilled. "The Parting" is perhaps not his best, but it has splendid moments of tension, and a touch of bitter romance stealing in over the Paris roofs that is most effective before an audience.

Mr. Stratton's farce has been given by a number of little theatre groups. It provides excellent opportunities for a comedian, and has a genuinely humorous basis in the discovery by the sentimental American tourists that the most intensely Oriental things they can find in Biskra are fakirs with New York experience.

PIERROT HOME FROM THE WARS

(*Continued from page* 230)

changed, myself. I'm just as young, mind you, but I'm more real, somehow, than I used to be. I shall be better than I was. It seems hard, but I feel it's true. I was the foam on the wine of youth before—now I am deeper—I am youth itself. The comrades I've lost keep calling to me, calling through the laughter of their meeting with death—calling me to play it higher—and deeper. I shan't fail them. There's a new world now, and the tyrants are broken and the spirit flies free. It's a new day—my day—the morning of the future—reveille, sounding to youth....If I—if I could only find Pierrette.

PIERRETTE: And when you find her? Are you for settling down?

PIERROT: Settling down?

PIERRETTE: She is doubtless older—she may not be so—so keen—so ardent—

PIERROT: You don't know Pierrette. No matter what happens—I shall still find the wonder of life alight in her. That can never go out. Settling down? No—I'm for raising the curtain again—and so will she be. She'll be weary of waiting. She'll want to dance, to be pursued, to flit through the gardens of the Muses in the rosy twilight of romance, to weep for vanished loves again, and clasp the crimson knot of fate, to burn, and allure, and endure—to mock and clasp and kiss—no matter how she's changed, she'll....But you don't know Pierrette.

(*Pierrette rises, her face averted.*)

PIERRETTE: Are you sure you know her?

PIERROT: I am sure.

PIERRETTE (*dropping the cloak and whirling to face him*): Pierrot, do you mean it all?

PIERROT: Every word. I knew you all the time!

PIERRETTE: And now?

PIERROT: Now that I've found you—let the plays begin.

(*Curtain*)

REGINA PLAYERS

(*Continued from page* 229)

assist many worthy charities in their community.

IN other years, they have successfully given such ambitious productions as "The Yeoman of the Guard," "The Gondolier," "The Sorcerer," "The Mocking Bird," "The Country Girl," and in 1918 "San Toy." Our editorial hats are off to the enterprise of these Regina amateurs and we should like to hear from organizations of the same calibre in the States.

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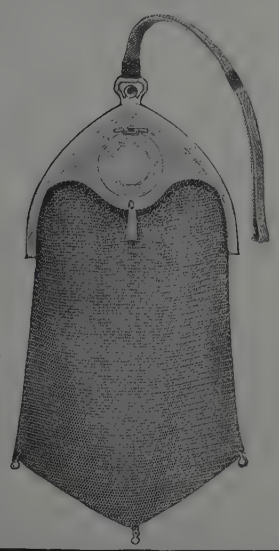

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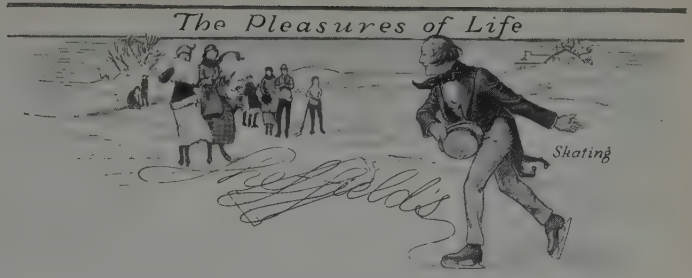

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NOVELTIES AT BOTH OPERA HOUSES

(*Continued from page 202*)

Melisande and by her appealing achievement in "Le Jongleur." We let the Chicago company depart with regrets, forgiving their sins of commission and omission.

In the concert field there was a superabundance of pianists; it fairly rained these instrumentalists. Mischa Levitzki seems entitled to the palm. He is a poet of the pianoforte. Arthur Rubinstein plays in an altogether different vein. His tendency is toward brilliance; but he knows how to color tone, he has a fine sense of rhythm and his technique knows no bounds. Others who find this instrument to their liking, and who played according to their accustomed lights, were Harold Bauer, Serge Rachmaninoff, Ethel Leginska, Hans Barth, Winifred Christie, Serge Prokofieff, Louis Grunberg, Guimar Novaes, Olga Samaroff, Eleanor Spencer, Muri Silba, Victorio Boshka and Ernesto Brumen.

Jascha Heifetz played a recital superbly, and Toscha Seidel delighted a Metropolitan Sunday audience. Mayo Wadler draws good tone from his fiddle, and Emily Gresser, Vera Barstow and Helen Jeffrey are violinists who pleased their auditors.

Ruano Bogislav (Mrs. Riccardo Martin) disclosed a sympathetic soprano voice and consummate art at her hour of music, and Irene Williams revealed a lyric soprano at her recital that delighted the hearing. Vladimir Reskinoff allowed his baritone full sweep in a reappearance in Aeolian Hall, and other singers who made agreeable impressions were Penelope Davies, Fernando Carpi, the opera tenor, Helene Kanders and Mme. Peroux-Williams.

Pietro Yon played an organ recital that attracted, and Sascha Votichenko, Eva Gauthier and the Russian Symphony Orchestra cooperated in an interesting program. There were likewise the usual attractive concerts by the New York, the Philharmonic, the Boston and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestras; and admirable performances by the Flonzaley and Letz Quartetes, the New York Chamber Music Society, and the Society of Ancient Instruments.

ALL LIFE IS MELODRAMA

(*Continued from page 200*)

this play is a case in point. I was not in sympathy with the big crowd, it was my duty as a playwright to talk to. I wrote my play first with a sympathy for the intellectual possibility of the theme. I clung to my text instead of weaving the drama over it. Life, in its daily events, is not literary, it is titanic force, moving behind everyday work. The skill of the Theatre is not subtlety of writing, it is the choice of a theme that belongs to the adventure of living. It is full enough of inspiration if we can only keep close to a facsimile of the human beings who makes it what it is.

"The Woman in Room 13" was not a melodrama of invented thrills and surprises. It was a story written to show the inexorable laws of Nature that can only be disobeyed at the cost of human disaster. Its success in its present form, has confirmed my belief that the Theatre is an altar upon which literature must be sacrificed to appease the populace.

And yet, poetry need not be banished from the stage on this account. Poetry is the inspiration of beauty for which all Nature strives eternally. It must not be the poetry of literature however, if the playwright expects a large audience. It must be the subconscious poetry of human feeling. It is no use playing Beethoven on a church organ in the Theatre, even if you are a fine organist, when the hand organ will inspire a wider poetic appeal. Be as serious as you please in your theme, but don't show it in the play. Shakespeare's clowns are no funnier than ours. They are like ours, and Shakespeare's poetry is like ours, if we exempt its intellectual splendor.

In "East Is West" my theme was, again, the unerring forces of Nature demanding their right of way. The little Chinese girl is really a white girl born in China, reared in the Chinese environment, subject to all the Oriental penalties of China. When she reaches the West, her race tendencies prevail, she answers the call of her blood-ties, and renounces China. The poetic appeal of the theme is in our sympathy for the little girl's battle against odds, the charm of her destiny, and the numerous contrasts between Oriental and Occidental thought that are in conflict in her. One may, in such a play, indulge one's fancies and one's humor more freely. One may inject the lines with poetic flashes, not forgetting, however, that the humor must be of the Theatre, not of literature. The melodrama of this play is in its theme, if anything, not in its identity of situations or lines. It belongs more closely to the drama of emotional conflict.

The theme of "Friendly Enemies" is entirely serious, but cast in a fortunate mould of comedy. In this respect it confirms my contention that the playwright must project his theme from a disciplined reserve of feeling in himself. He must keep himself out of the play, and yet the play must have all of him in it. If the big scene in this play between father and son is melodrama, then all life itself is merely a melodramatic performance, staged by divine intelligence. The playwright who believes that, would miss the most profound purpose of the Theatre, which is to prove, that human beings are ever struggling to lessen the melodramatic burden of false impressions.

Life, itself, is drama, and the Theatre is the temple where it can be most reverently treated.

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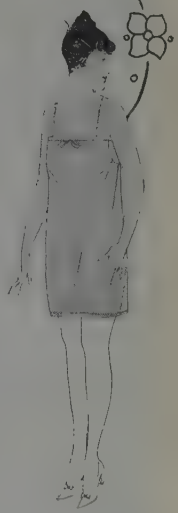

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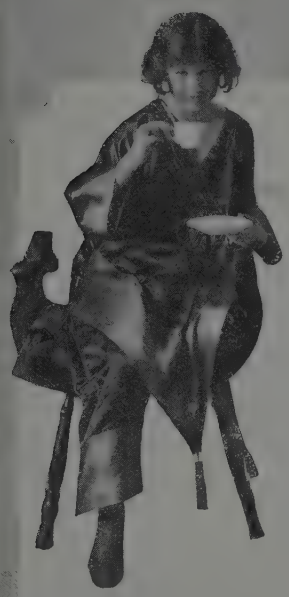

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

W. E. H., New York City.—Q.—Kindly give me the original cast of the Della Fox opera company in "The Little Host" at the Herald Square Theatre, season 1898-99? 2. If possible where can I obtain photographs of scenes from the same? 3. Were there any pictures of the Floradora sextet published in an early issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and if so, is the number obtainable?

A.—"The Little Host" by Edgar Smith and Louis Bede Lange was seen for the first time December 26, 1898 at the Herald Square Theatre with this cast: Josiah Dashington, R. E. Graham; Jack Dashington, Hugh Chilvers; William Reilly, Eugene O'Rourke; Herr Einesang, John C. Slavin; Charles Horsley, Chas. Wallace; Bob Upperton, Bert Carter; Dodge Taylor, Wilford Arling; Fuller Boozeby, Frank Kelly; Dick Hammersley, Harry Rigby; Mink and Diggs, H. D. Blakemore; Olympia Longacre, Alice Johnson; Jane Hawkins, Adella Barker; Susie Jones, Mabel Bouton; Mrs. J. Dashington, Emily Francis; Daisy Dandler, Emma Leevy; Mazie Spanker, Annie Black; Dottie Lightfoot, Florine Murray; Flossie Flitterby, Beatrice Darlington; Rosie Redpath, Daisy Dwyer; Mamie Mangen, Edith Burbank; Beatrice Bennington, Lou M. Harlow; Minnie Mingle, Jessie Jordan; Gertie Gertby, Kitty Nugent; Lottie Longhouse, Mabel Seymour; Bessie Brownhill, Hattie Clark; Harriet Henderson, Caroline Cook; Ollie Armstrong, Lettie Bryan; Edith Eddington, Norma Bell; Margery Dazzle, Della Fox. 2. Try Byron Co., 1695 Broadway, New York City. 3. In our June, 1901 issue there is a picture of part of the Floradora Sextet. The price of this copy is $3.00.

F. J.—Q.—Could you please tell me where Edith Taliaferro is now appearing?

A.—She is playing the leading feminine rôle in the new farce, "Please Get Married," at the Fulton Theatre, New York.

C. H.—Q.—Kindly give me a synopsis of Minna Gombel's career? What issues contain photos of her?

A.—In the March, 1918, issue there is a picture of Miss Gombel and a short account of her career. This number also contains a scene from "The Indestructible Wife," in which Miss Gombel appears. The price of the copy is 35c.

Gloria H., New York City.—Q.—Where can I obtain a picture of John Charles Thomas? Have you published any of him recently?

A.—You can procure an original photograph of John Charles Thomas from White Studio, 1546 Broadway, New York City. We published a good picture of him in the October, 1918, issue (price 35c) and another in the October, 1917 (40c). In March, 1917, we printed an article, illustrated with a small picture, entitled "John Charles Thomas—Matinée Idol." The price of this copy is also 40c.

J. M. T., Oneida, N. Y.—Q.—Can you supply me with back numbers containing pictures of Chauncey Olcott wearing the picturesque costumes of his former plays?

A.—Our February, 1917, issue contains an article, illustrated with seven pictures, entitled "Personal Reminiscences," by Chauncey Olcott. We shall be glad to send you this copy—price 40c—on receipt of your remittance.

H. S. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Is Bert Williams, usually of "The Follies," a colored or white man?

A.—Colored.

A. G. Z., Bayonne.—It is against our policy to answer personal questions.

LETTERS TO THE PUBLISHER

THE MOTION PICTURE EDITOR,
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

As an old friend of THE THEATRE, will you allow me to congratulate you most sincerely on your Motion Picture Section and to tell you what a joy it is to read about and see pictures of Clara Kimball Young, rather than to look at a book with nothing in it but Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks. I want to thank you, too, for realizing there are people who like to hear from actresses worth while rather than the awful mess of trash the public are obliged to accept from other magazines.

Thanking you again,

Gratefully yours,
"AN OLD FRIEND."

* * *

EDITOR THEATRE MAGAZINE:—You are deserving of a crown of precious jewels for your article, "When the Managers Meet St. Peter." It is a gem—a classic. Please allow me to incorporate it within my book, viz., "The Jawbone of an Ass," as an addenda, giving you credit.

Cordially,
BERNARD THORNTON.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

After having taken the THEATRE MAGAZINE for five years, I stopped for a year. I find that I get too much pleasure and information from it to make such a sacrifice, so I am asking you to enter my year's subscription beginning with the April number.

Very truly,
EMMA L. OSTRANDER,
National Park Seminary,
Forest Glen, Md.

* * *

To the Publishers,
THEATRE MAGAZINE,
6 E. 39th St., New York:

May I be allowed to congratulate the Magazine on the change that was made on the lettering of the title of the Magazine last month? Possibly it seems like a very small thing to most people, but it acted so favorably on me that I thought I should like to tell you so.

Very truly yours,
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VALAZE CLEANSING AND MASSAGE CREAM. A specialty for dry skins. Price, $1.00, $1.75, $3.50.

VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE. for refining coarse skin texture, removing greasiness and blackheads, and reducing enlarged pores. $2.20 and up.

VALAZE BLACKHEAD LOTION, a wash of advanced strength, to be used with the Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste. Price $3.

VALAZE ROMAN JELLY, for smoothing out the skin around the eyes and temples and underneath the chin. Price, $1.50, $3.00.

VALAZE EAU QUI PIQUE, a powerful preparation to be used in cases of obstinate wrinkles, obstinate freckles, unbecoming brown patches and a general faded appearance. Price, $3.00, $6.00.

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Atlantic City, 1427 Broadway.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CARICATURE. By G. Viafora. Brentano's, New York.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE ONE-ACT PLAY. By B. Roland Lewis. Boston: John W. Luce and Company.

SIX PLAYS OF THE YIDDISH THEATRE. By David Pinski—Perez Hirschbein—Z. Levin—Leon Kobrin. Translated and edited by Isaac Goldberg. Boston: John W. Luce and Company.

THE GENTLEMAN RANKER AND OTHER PLAYS. By Leon Gordon. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

THE INFERNAL MASCULINE AND OTHER COMEDIES. By Alfred Brand. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

ROBERT BURNS. A drama. By Edward Winslow Gilliam. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

AMBASSADOR MORGENTHAU'S STORY. Garden City: Doubleday Page & Co.

SHELLPROOF MACK. By Arthur Mack. Illus. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

THE SMITING OF THE ROCK. By Palmer Bend. Illus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illus. New York: George H. Doran Co.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN. By Rupert Hughes. Illus. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PATRIOTIC PAGEANTS OF TODAY. By Josephine Thorp and Rosamond Kimball. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

PURPLE YOUTH. By Robert De Camp Leland. Boston: The Four Seas Co.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

CROON, CROON, UNDERNEAT' DE MOON" is just a little Southern plantation song whose dreamy melody and soothing rhythm lull you, not into sleep, but into that warm, dreamy wakefulness in which the mind is robbed of its cares yet the senses kept alert and glowing. It is introduced by a captivating little melody, and by the time the voice enters the mood is established, and it requires but a few notes of Sophie Braslau's rich contralto voice to make you a willing subject of music's gentle sway. *"Mammy's Lullaby"* is a song which everybody has been eager to use as a Victor dance number. Its swinging rhythm is irresistible, and a specially charming touch is added when the refrain is sung as a contralto solo—the luscious vocal tone being especially suited to the melody. *"Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight (Tell Her of My Love)"* is an appealing number which has all the languorous beauty of the island scene its title suggests. *"That Wonderful Mother of Mine"* by Clyde Hager and Walter Goodwin is tenderly sung by Henry Burr, and the refrain is repeated softly with a violin obbligato blending with the voice.—*Adv.*

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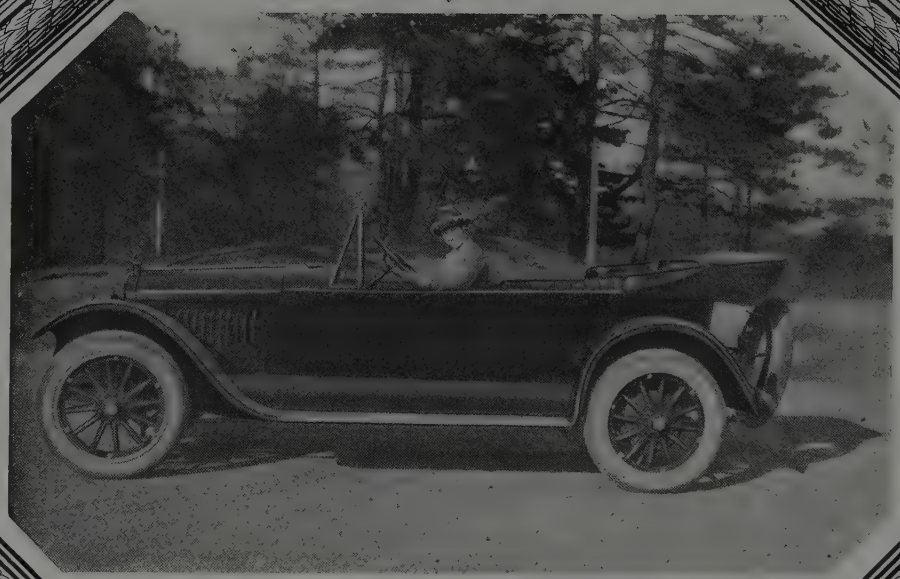

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MOTION PICTURE SECTION

FAITH AND THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

A LITTLE CHAT WITH KATHERINE MacDONALD

THERE was a very little girl in a very old fairy tale —I don't recall which fairy tale or by whom it was written— who used to wish very hard for a thing she wanted badly—and she invariably got it.

Katherine MacDonald, also when she was a little girl, must have been something like that. And the funny part of it is she hasn't grown out of it, either.

There is a difference, however, in her method. As she expresses it, she is imbued with the fighting spirit—that is to say, she never gives up, once she is set on an idea. With this spirit of determination, perseverance, and energy, she combines a very big Faith. I use the capital advisedly. It sounded when she said it as if it should be capitalized.

KATHERINE MacDONALD

Those who have seen Miss MacDonald in some of her photo-play work will not need to be told that she is one of the screen's most delightful actresses

"THIS big Faith," explained Miss MacDonald, "is always with me—has always been, and it isn't only in the big crises that it sustains me, either. I think any human being who has a grain of faith even 'as big as a mustard seed,' in time of terrible stress will take refuge therein. To make this same Faith practical in the smaller things, to call upon it, depend upon it, at all times—when the purpose is a worthy one —is it seems to me, the most essential thing in life.

"Sometimes, I have thought that I was a fatalist, because I always felt that no matter how dark the future seemed, there would be a clear spot for the sun to shine through. But I can't help feeling that fatalism is inconsistent with a profession of Faith so it is difficult to reconcile the two.

AS a child, my faith took the shape simply of a serene confidence that if I only wanted a thing badly enough and held to the desire with all my strength, it would surely come to me. And, strangely enough perhaps, it always did.

"My first desire was for a dog—a beautiful setter. The state of finances in the MacDonald family at that particular period would not admit of the expenditure of fifty dollars for a puppy. But ultimately I got what I wanted—a dog and a fine one too, through an unexpected source.

"Later, I wanted to go to college. That also seemed as remote as the stars. But eventually I went and graduated successfully.

"Then came the desire for the stage. There were objections in plenty to overcome; obstacles to face that seemed well nigh insurmountable. But I finally gained my ambition.

"When we came to California, I had no thought of going into picture work. My sister was already in it, however, and one day I went to the studio and worked in a film.

"When I reached home that evening my mother asked me how I liked the work: 'I love it,' I cried, 'and some day I'm going to be leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart.'

IT wasn't said in a spirit of bragadoccio. I really felt that it would come to pass. I appealed to that Faith of which I have spoken. It became my greatest desire. And it worked out in each case.

"Perhaps, you'll say, it is simply the spirit of determination—the fighting spirit. I believe it is a combination of both. I make up my mind that a thing is good for me to do or have, that it is right that it should be so, then I go working toward that end with a full confidence that all come out as I desire. It hasn't failed me yet. I don't believe it is egotistical to say that if one has confidence and faith nothing is impossible of achievement, do you?"

THOSE who have seen Miss MacDonald in some of her photoplay work will not need to be told that she is one of the screen's most delightful actresses, possessed of a regal beauty combined with a delicate charm of manner and a talent that is certain to carry her to the topmost pinnacle of her aspirations so far as the screen is concerned.

One of her latest and best pieces of work was as Lady Diana in Cecil B. deMille's Artcraft picture "The Squaw Man." Her dignity, the air of "quality," yet withal the simple sweetness of her smile, the sincerity in her eyes, the nobility of her entire portrayal, made her an ideal leading lady in the characterization.

ONE realizes the tremendous problems that confront men and women in all walks of life in these strenuous days, these days of reconstruction and regeneration of thought as well as the rehabilitation of the physical condition of the world, but at the same time no doubt can be felt for the one whose faith is big enough to lean upon in great matters or small, whose confidence remains unshaken and whose aims are always toward some definite and worthy goal in the contest of Life.

PICTURES REVIEWED

STRAND. "A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE," with Anita Stewart. "A Midnight Romance," as far as action and suspense go is more or less inadequate. People who peruse with delight the moonlit passages of the novel of the day will, no doubt, revel in the romance of Marie and Roger, but even such fans will look for something more substantial than that provided in "A Midnight Romance." As directed by Lois Weber, the picture shows a number of lavish settings, but the story offers Miss Stewart scant opportunity to inject those (*Concluded on page 253*)

VILLA CAPISTRANO

THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE

OF JULIAN ELTINGE

AT LOS ANGELES, CAL.

JULIAN ELTINGE'S home, located on a hilltop, looking into Silver Lake, a suburb of Los Angeles, is not only interesting because of its exceptional Old World atmosphere, but it is seldom that an actor realizes his dream of childhood days and is able to carry his "Castle in Spain" to a realization. On the very ground where Eltinge has built his magnificent palace, he had played as a child and had never forgotten this spot despite the fact that he has traveled the world over and built three or four places around New York.

The architecture is a combination of Spanish, Italian and Moorish. The building is of cement and tile and its covering is an apricot hue from the second floor up, the basing being of a cream white. The tiles are interesting because of the fact that they were brought from Europe and are antique.

The furnishing represents several years of collecting and that Eltinge is a connoisseur may be judged from the photograph of the interior.

Julian Eltinge is one of the few actors who has designed and built his own home in Los Angeles. The majority of movie stars preferring to rent their palatial homes from season to season.

A TRANSPLANTED GEORGIA ROSE

FRITZI BRUNETTE is from Georgia—Savannah, to be more geographically accurate. She is a transplanted southern rose, of the "Black Prince" variety; dark as midnight is her hair and her eyes are "as stars of twilight fair" to quote the poet.

When she was still a child in school, Wm. Steiner, then president of the old Yankee Film Company, and a friend of her brother, met Fritzi and saw in her infinite possibilities for the screen. Arrangements were made and she entered the then precarious life of a film star. This took her to New York—some seven years ago. Later she went to Universal to play ingenue leads and filled the place left vacant when Florence Lawrence temporarily abandoned the screen.

IT is odd," says Miss Brunette, "but I never played a minor rôle. I know that is unusual but it is true in my case. But I have played practically everything but character rôles with Selig, Universal and others. I was engaged to play opposite Sessue Hayakawa in the Lasky picture, 'The Jaguar's Claws.' And now, here I am back at the old lot, doing the 'baby vampire' rôle in Hugh Ford's Paramount-Artcraft picture, 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me!'—Alma Lier is the name of the character and I really find it a most enjoyable rôle. And Mr. Ford is so wonderful—so quiet and patient but he gets such excellent results. And I want to say here and now that this is the most delightful place to work in. From the least to the greatest, everyone is charming; there is no waiting, no delay, no vacillating—when you come to the Lasky studio to work, you know that your work will be planned for you and there will be no difficulties standing in the way.

"I recall," continued Miss Brunette, "the time when with one of the other companies in my early career, I played the leading rôle in three pictures simultaneously—with three directors. As soon as I was finished with my scenes in one picture for the day, I would rush to my dressing room and make up for the next one. It was a strenuous time, let me tell you."

MISS Brunette says that outside of pictures, which are her chief delight, music is her greatest pleasure.

"Music and my home," she smiled. "Oh, yes, I am married; my husband is William Robert Daly, formerly an actor, latterly my very own director until I became his wife. Does he still direct me? That depends on what you mean. Not for the screen at any rate," she laughed.

"And I do so love my home life—away from cares and troubles; in an atmosphere of cheerfulness, music, flowers—Hollywood is the loveliest place in the world to live in, you know—and I delight in the beautiful and joyous things of life. Perhaps because I've nearly always played heavily emotional rôles. And I live them too. My very soul seems wrapped up in the character and sometimes I become really ill from the imaginary ills of the person I am representing for the time being.

"They used to call me a regular 'Georgia Cracker'," she went on. "My dialect was so broad. But my husband is from Boston—so I'm nearly cured, in fact I'm beginning to talk like a Bostonian."

Fritzi Brunette is familiar to most film patrons, because she has done much consistently good work. She is still so young, however, that she has time to reach even greater heights, which is of course her greatest ambition.

THAT indefinable charm that clings like the odor to a rose, about the daughters of the south; the softly sweet blurring of her enunciations that can never be wholly effaced; the delicacy and winsomeness that are part and parcel of those who are born and reared south of the now almost invisible Mason and Dixon line—these are the qualities that she has brought to the silent drama, linked with what must have been a natural ability for the mimetic art, for she never had a day's training for the profession before embarking upon the histrionic sea.

IN the rôle of Alma Lier, Miss Brunette has a strong and convincing part. True, the character is not one that would meet with the approval of most of us, but art is art and Miss Brunette can for its sake sink her own wholesome and delightful personality to become temporarily the designing and at the same time fascinating sweetheart of Lord Ras, the somewhat debased scion of a noble family.

FRITZI BRUNETTE,

Who plays the "baby vampire" rôle in Hugh Ford's picture, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me"

"What's on tonight?"

SOMETIMES it's the man of the house and sometimes it's the woman that starts the ball a-rolling.

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NEW YORK

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions, listed alphabetically, released up to March 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "Here Comes the Bride"
*Enid Bennett *in* "Partners Three"
Billie Burke *in* "Good Gracious, Annabelle!"
Lina Cavalieri *in* "The Two Brides"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Three Men and a Girl"
Ethel Clayton *in* "Pettigrew's Girl"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "Extravagance"
Pauline Frederick *in* "Paid in Full"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Peppy Polly"
Lila Lee *in* "Puppy Love"
Vivian Martin *in* "Little Comrade"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Winning Girl"
*Charles Ray *in* "The Sheriff's Son"
Wallace Reid *in* "Alias, Mike Moran"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Poor Boob"

Paramount-Artcraft Special

"The Hun Within" *with* a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" *with* Private Harold Peat
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)*, a Wm. A. Brady Production
"The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso *in* "My Cousin"
George M. Cohan *in* "Hit the Trail Holiday"
Cecil B. deMille's Production "Don't Change Your Husband"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Marriage Price"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"
†William S. Hart *in* "The Poppy Girl's Husband"
Mary Pickford *in* "Johanna Enlists"
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thos. H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennet Comedies "The Village Smithy" "Reillys Wash Day"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Beresford of the Baboons"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew *in* "Once a Mason"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph
One each week

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures
One each week

THE BODY IN THE BOSPHORUS

THE body was to be thrown into the Bosphorus Strait. I was the body. It all happened more than six years ago, and the Hudson River was the Bosphorus. I had left Mr. Belasco to go back into pictures with the Independent Motion Picture Company, which was producing a feature entitled "In the Sultan's Garden."

After I was cast into the Strait, apparently dead, I was supposed to cut my way out of the sack and come to the surface. Of course, I was never really thrown into the water in a sack. That part was managed through the trickery of photography. But I had to be thrown into the river with my clothes on so that the camera would show me when I came to the surface, as if I had actually cut my way out of the sack.

A YACHT club and a New York police cutter figured conspicuously in this adventure. William Clifford was directing and it was his first picture, else I never would have done it. But it meant so much to him to succeed and—well, I could hardly refuse.

Mind you, I couldn't swim a stroke. The float from which I was to be thrown was anchored far out in the stream. Mother was there, and the entire company stood grouped on the float to watch me. In addition, two professional life-savers were in the water to rescue me if anything went wrong.

The camera was ready, the police cutter was near to pick me up. Strong arms catapulted me far out into the stream and I sank immediately. But I quickly bobbed up again, spluttering and gasping for breath. The cutter, coming to my aid, only added further peril to my predicament, for I was between the cutter and the float and therefore in great danger of being crushed.

ONE of the life-savers lost his head completely when he saw that the boat was bound to collide with the float. Paralyzed with fright, he was unable to help me. The other, however, quickly came to my aid. There was only one way to save me. This man took it. Grasping me by a foot, he dove. Of course, not realizing the danger I was in, I thought the man had gone mad. It occurred to me that perhaps I had been tricked; that some foul plot was afoot to murder me. As I went down the bubbles came up. Down, down, down—fathoms deep, it seemed. Then of a sudden I felt the man pushing me to the surface again.

MARY PICKFORD

A new picture of the most popular of screen idols

WHEN we came up the first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was my mother, sprawling on the float, her face ghastly white, her eyes wide with fright. She was looking at the spot where I had disappeared. You see, when the cutter bumped the float, everybody was knocked down.

WELL, finally the life-saver and myself were pulled out, and that was the most thrilling moment in two lives—my own and my mother's.

Mary Pickford

PICTURES REVIEWED

(*Continued from page 249*)

little touches and original twists for which she has gained name and fame. Miss Stewart is a delight to look upon as always, but "A Midnight Romance" is overstocked with closeups of her and a pretty face cannot make up for action shortcomings. Jack Holt gives a likable characterization, while Juanita Hansen and Montague Dumont perform well.

RIVOLI. "THE PROBATION WIFE," with Norma Talmadge. Norma Talmadge is given a splendid chance to show her versatility in "The Probation Wife," a story which is largely concerned with a woman's own development of herself. Its plot is somewhat conventional, but it will delight every woman and it will please most of the men who like to laugh at the expense of "the other fellow." Direction and staging are of the best with many of the situations so originally happening that they will make a strong appeal. Miss Talmadge has a chance to show many moods and she has never been more attractive than in this one. Thomas Meigham is at his best, while Alex B. Francis is convincing as McMerton. A genuine picturization is supplied by Florence Billings. The settings are genuine and convincing and the photography of the best.

RIVOLI. "THE MARRIAGE PRICE," with Elsie Ferguson. "The Marriage Price" is nothing remarkable, having been done with slight variations numerous times in the past. In it figure the loss of the girl's fortune, her marriage for wealth and the near ruin of her husband by a former but unworthy sweetheart. The production is generous of closeups, giving the spectators pleasant acquaintance with the star's personal attractiveness. Wyndham Standing and Lionel Atwill are given rôles almost equal in importance to that of the star, and their impersonations are artistically and realistically done.

VIRGINIA PEARSON

starring in

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produced by

THE VIRGINIA PEARSON PHOTOPLAYS, Inc.

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Sheldon Lewis plays the leading supporting role—one that is particularly characteristic of him.

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VIRGINIA PEARSON PHOTOPLAYS, Inc. 112 WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

"Gee! But I'll put such a shine . . . on Mr. Hugh's shoes, bless him!"

"Why, Hugh (hic), that Jane was known (hic) as the cutest kid in Bender's Joy Palace!"

"I'm not a bad girl, officer—indeed, indeed, I'm not!"

"I don't want anything for myself, sir—I only want my baby—your son's baby—to have the things he is entitled to!"

"This girl's real mother was Dolly Montrose, the dancer!"

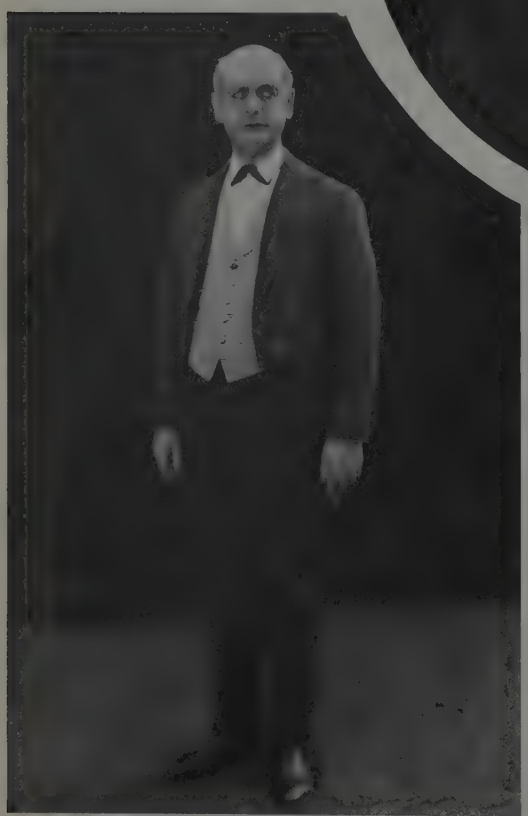
"Dearest Ellen, forgive me—I didn't know—I didn't know!"

SCENES FROM "COMMON CLAY" A PATHÉ SPECIAL FEATURE, STARRING FANNIE WARD

Anne Luther is at present doing "stunts" in sunny Florida for her forthcoming serial, "The Great Gamble"

Shirley Mason, whose next appearance (in May) will be in "The Village Cut-Up," a Paramount picture

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn and Bryant, Jr.



Walter Newman as the butler in Virginia Pearson's new photoplay, "The Bishop's Emeralds"

Robert Broderick as the Bishop in "The Bishop's Emeralds"

HOW STARS FLICKER AWAY FROM THE STUDIO

Monroe Salisbury, the popular matinée idol, who is an expert authority on avacados (the catalogue name of alligator pears). Incongruous things do happen in the movies

THERE are those who believe that a photoplayer's life reads like the enchanted pages of a fairy story. That on the first page is told the story of their struggle and hardships, that further on comes the big chance, chaperoned by a kindly destiny—then follows riches, fame, and happiness. And they believe that after all these have been achieved the photoplayer lives a sheltered existence as free from the troubles of the world as though he lay wrapped up in cotton in a blue satin jeweler's box.

But after all, there is very little difference in the lives of just everyday mortals and famous cinema stars. Outside the limits of the studio their paths run very similar—and the uninitiated may be surprised to know in just how many little details their leisure hours tally exactly with their own.

WHO wouldn't be surprised to know that one of the most famous matinée idols is an authority on avacados (the catalogue name of alligator pears) and that he has won many prizes for those grown in his own orchards. He is Monroe Salisbury, and his ranch in Hemet is one of the most interesting places in California. He employs only Indians as his helpers and all the work done on the ranch is supervised by him. It is near the birthplace of Romona, the heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel by that name, and Salisbury discovered the location of his future home when he played Alessandro in the photoplay production of the novel. Before he decided to follow the silent art in the quest of a career, Salisbury had made a name for himself on the legitimate stage. Before that time, he had been a student at Yale, probably little dreaming that the day was coming when he would be a gentleman farmer and a photoplay star, familiar to photoplaygoers all over the world.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS whose place in the cinema world was cemented and secured forever and ever, through her marvelous performance in the Allan Holubar superdrama "The Heart of Humanity," does not indulge in temperament away from the studio as might be expected from her emotionalism before the camera—no indeed—her greatest delight lies in pottering around her own little garden, and taking complete charge of vegetable patch and rose garden with impartial care, giving both equal attention as the true lover of nature that she is. Books on gardening and seed catalogues are eagerly studied, and she has even had shrubs and bulbs sent her from China and Honolulu. And—this is almost a secret—every jar of preserves stored in the Holubar (that's Miss Phillips's married name) cellar has been made by her, and to a great extent from fruit grown on her own grounds. Allan Holubar helps at times, but in this case a photoplay star has the advantage over her director because her time away from the studio is her own, but her husband's isn't. He must be on the lookout for a new story, or smoothing over inconsistencies in the scenario he is working with, or thinking of novel bits of action to be inserted into his next production and therefore has little time for gardening—but perhaps more in which to show his appreciation of Los Angeles famed Phillips' Loganberry jam.

Dorothy Phillips indulges in farming, away from the studio. She isn't a bit temperamental, despite the emotional rôles she portrays before the camera

MARY MacLAREN

is a Cinema Cinderella. Just as a fairy godmother brought riches and happiness to the little Cinderella of the long ago—so did a woman who understood, bring fame and wealth to the present-day Cinderella. In this case, the fairy godmother was Lois Weber, the famous directress

HARRY CAREY some years ago graduated from New York University with a degree of law. Then he became a playwright and acted in his own plays "Montana" and "The Heart of Alaska." Then—he became a moving picture actor, first with Biograph and later with Universal. He plays in Western dramas, and his rôles are all staunch, red-blooded ones. In view of this it does not seem a bit strange that his home should be a real Western ranch and that real cowboys should be employed on it. And Harry Carey takes just as much interest in his ranch as though it were not merely a side issue with him, for some day he plans to retire from the screen and devote all his time and energy to the cultivation of the ranch in the San Francisquito Valley.

BUT there is a star who might have stepped from the alluring pages of a fairy tale—and that is Mary MacLaren whose life story is almost identical with that of Cinderella. You will remember a fairy godmother brought happiness to Cinderella through the wave of her magic wand and it was also through the aid of a woman who understood that Mary MacLaren achieved the goal of her ambitions. The fairy godmother in the present day fairy story was Lois Weber the famous woman director, and she saw in Mary MacLaren a new screen type, after almost every director in California had dismissed her because she did not have a "camera face." Today Mary MacLaren is securely perched on the heights of stardom but despite this, is just as unassuming as though she were still attending high school. She paints, and plays and sings and reads, but more than anything else she cooks. The kitchen is her hobby and she can never get enough of it. Indeed the average Fan would be mighty surprised to learn just how many dinners she has cooked entirely by herself.

HER name is Priscilla and she likes to play Apache rôles best of all her characterizations—isn't that a paradox right to begin with?

For Priscilla Dean is a paradox through and through, and just when you think you are beginning to know her—you will find that you don't at all. Even her mother confesses that she really doesn't know her—and that is a big confession for a mother to make.

Her mother said that when she was just a little girl she would change from one mood to another with chameleon-like swiftness. Some days her dolls would be her all in all, and on these occasions there was no one so domesticated as was Priscilla. But just as her mother was beginning to feel encouraged and could see in the future, an older Priscilla—a Priscilla who was a model housewife, another Priscilla would put in an appearance—a Priscilla who didn't care for the most beautiful doll in the world, who hadn't the patience to hold a needle, and who would allow the kettle to boil dry while she practiced fancy dancing before a mirror.

While that personality controlled her she was a vain little peacock, always posing before the glass and insisting so vehemently on being a dancer that her parents were literally forced to allow her to take dancing lessons. Then, just as her teacher was promising a brilliant future for her as an exponent of the light fantastic, she would lose interest and become so careless in following his instructions that he was in despair. They thought then that Priscilla was a bad little girl—but she wasn't at all. Just another of her many selves had assumed temporary control and for a brief period the third Priscilla would hold sway.

But there was yet another Priscilla—the actress—and when this rather wonderful young personage appeared the family found that they would sit up and begin to take notice, while mother and father would discuss her half seriously, half laughingly but wholly proudly. It was then her mother would miss her very best silk gown and her fluffy parasol and the rest of the family imagine they were beholding a second Bernhardt as the youthful aspirant for theatrical honors, would stirringly recite lines conceived by her own fertile brain. And while this Priscilla remained, the little girl would go to bed with a worn volume of "Romeo and Juliet" under her pillow.

And Priscilla Dean herself confesses that she knows just how impossible her whirlwind personalities are and attributes her present control of them entirely to the photoplay. She says:

"You see in the picture game you could use a thousand personalities if you had them and consider yourself lucky to have so many. Life in pictures is so varied that it is set at too high tempo to suit a great many

HARRY CAREY

"A book of verses underneath the bow"—only instead it's a book on navigation. Can you imagine Harry Carey, the star impersonator of western character rôles, reading about navigation?

people. But it is just exactly what I and all my complicated individualities need and enjoy. All I have to do is to see that my hoydenish self has the upper hand when I am doing a Western heroine, that the domestic one is in charge when I am enacting "somebody's dear little helpmate," in a domestic drama, that the dancer has the "full speed ahead" signal when I'm given a stage personage to portray—and there I am, all responsibility out of my hands! Isn't that convenient?

For after all photoplayers are like all the rest of us—they do the same things, feel the same emotions and dream the same dreams.

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The reason lies in a film—in that slimy film which your tongue reveals. It clings to the teeth; it gets into crevices, hardens and stays and resists the tooth brush.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

It is such a germ-breeder that dentists call it "bacterial plaque." And germs, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus nearly all tooth troubles are nowadays traced to that film.

There is where old methods fail. Many a dentifrice even tends to make the film more resistant to the brush.

You must use a method to combat that film to ever have clean, safe teeth.

See What Pepsodent Does

Science has found an efficient way to combat that film. There is no question about it. Able authorities have proved it by many clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. And anyone can prove it in a week.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of pepsin is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. That fact for long made pepsin seem impossible.

But science now has found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method has made active pepsin possible in Pepsodent.

A new dental era has opened with this discovery. Few things have ever aroused so much dental enthusiasm. Now we ask you, for your own sake, to see just what it does.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

That means that the great tooth wrecker has been conquered. You will never clean teeth in the old way when you know that.

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Kleinert's Dress Shields

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK

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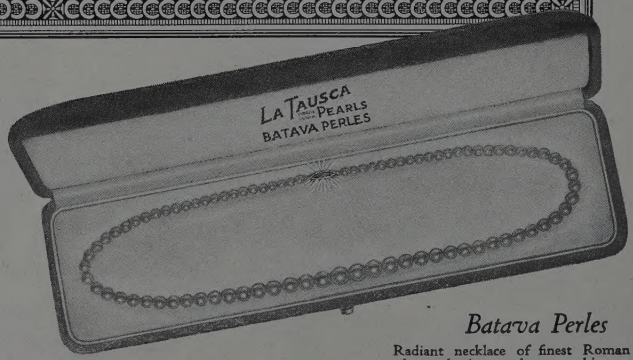

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THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the twenty-eighth of every month by Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th Street, New York. SUBSCRIPTIONS for the United States, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $4.00 a year in advance. Entered as second-class matter Aug. 3, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y., under the act of Mar. 3, 1879.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

MAY, 1919

ARE you planning your summer vacation?

Then let us give you a word of advice.

If your bosom friend who accompanies you on your trip, suddenly falls in love (it has been known to happen, you know) leaving you alone when he (or she) goes strolling, are you going to sit on the porch and mope?

If the guests at the hotel are gossipy and get on your nerves, are you to sit by listening because of having nothing better to do?

If you are weary of dancing, or walking, or boating, and long for some of the brightness of Broadway, are you to become lonesome and homesick?

No—take our tip, have with you a copy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. The pretty pictures, snappy articles, news of the plays and players, reviews of current attractions will transplant you right to Broadway. So as to be assured of all the bright Summer numbers why not SUBSCRIBE NOW.

COMEDIANS may come and comedians may go, but Bert Williams goes on forever.

Mr. Williams' name on a programme assures an audience that they are in for a few hearty laughs no matter what else the show contains.

But how does he do it? How does he manage to keep funny year after year, are the questions one hears on all sides after Bert Williams leaves the stage.

In the next number, Mr. Williams will tell you just how he keeps up his reputation. "Keeping Up With New Laughs," is the title of the article.

If you have enjoyed Bert Williams' bright remarks, his jokes and quips, you won't want to miss this article!

IT is an occasional amusement for society folk to "go on" in some theatrical production just for the fun of the thing.

Members of the fashionable "400" have been passengers on coaches and trains—in stage productions. They are what is termed "extras" in theatrical parlance—just for a "lark." Naturally, they do not accept money for their services (most of them having too much as it is).

Would you like to know about some of these experiences where Fifth Avenue débutantes have trod the stages of Broadway unsuspected by friends?

Then read "Actors by Accident," by George C. Jenks in the June issue.

HAMLET" has come into its own on Broadway this season.

Walter Hampden's portrayal of the rôle has attracted wide attention and the matinées he has given have been well crowded.

Then came Fritz Lieber—for many years Robert Mantell's leading man in Shakespearian and classic repertoire.

He, too, appeared as the Melancholy Dane and achieved success.

In the June issue each of these two actors will give you his idea of "Hamlet." Each one plays it differently and both have a host of admirers.

If you are interested in the best in the drama, you will want to read what two successful actors have to say about the greatest character in dramatic literature.

WHO makes the biggest hits every month? Read "In the Spotlight," in each number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE and you will find out.

What's the news in music-land? Pierre V. R. Key tells you each issue in his authoritative and sparkling article.

SHALL I go to see this play or that? "Mr .Hornblow Goes to the Play." Go with him in every number, and you will easily learn about it all.

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